

Nolite Te Bastardes Carborundorum by pseudonyme

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Summary:

There were four things that Steve knew without a doubt in his heart:

1. He would never again be considered the most popular guy at school.
2. Liking girls exclusively wasn't something he was into anymore.
3. Billy Hargrove was his soulmate.
4. Billy Hargrove was responsible for all three of the things he knew for sure.

Actually... Scratch that. Steve knew five things. Because he also knew surely, that Billy Hargrove would kill him if he were to ever figure out that the name written directly over Steve's heart was his own.

1. Part One

Author's Note:

Well friends... It happened. I finally caved and decided to write some Harringrove. I devoured too many fics of these two little babes, and my appetite is apparently still ravenous. So here I am, writing my own story to fulfill the need to spread more Harringrove love and appreciation. This time, with a soulmate AU.

I'll disclaimer this at the beginning, as I'm sure you know, I don't own Stranger Things or any of the characters in the story. I'm just building my own castle in their sandbox. I also do not have a beta, and any mistakes found in this work are my own.

Thank you for reading, and leave a comment or a kudos if you enjoy it!

-Pseudonyme

Part One

Another One Bites the Dust - Queen

Steve Harrington knew that he could be a dumbass sometimes...

Okay, a lot of the time... But there were four things that Steve knew without a doubt in his heart.

He knew that he would never again be considered the most popular guy at school.

He knew that liking girls exclusively wasn't something he was into anymore.

He knew that Billy Hargrove was his soulmate.

And he knew that Billy Hargrove was responsible for all three of the things he knew for sure.

Actually... Scratch that. Steve knew five things. Because he also knew surely, that Billy Hargrove would kill Steve Harrington if he were to ever figure out that the name written directly over Steve's heart was his own.

The small black letters, much neater than Steve ever expected of Hargrove, matched the California King's own penmanship perfectly: **WILLIAM HARGROVE.**

He's convinced that they etched themselves onto his skin the moment that Hargrove's gaze met his own, but he'd never say that out loud, at risk of sounding like a complete pussy over the whole thing. At first he wasn't sure what to make of them, because there had to be a ton of different William Hargroves in the world... Just tons. The name on his heart didn't necessarily have to be this Billy Hargrove in Hawkins.

Not to mention, that Hargrove showed plenty of fucking skin every god damn day of his life, and there wasn't anything on his body to indicate he had a soulmate. Not a single name, or half name or letter on his golden tan skin.

He'd heard Hargrove once murmuring to a girl that she could put her mark on him with her teeth since he wasn't bound to anyone. And he'd heard Hargrove sneering with superiority to the other boys in the locker room that he was free to fuck whoever he wanted instead of being stuck with the same worn out cunt for the rest of his life. And he'd heard Hargrove at different parties in Hawkins, (not that there was anything else to do for the older youth of the town), holding a girl's body up against a wall, hand disappearing under her skirt and letting her writhe and moan while he did unspeakable things to her, and groaned in her ear that she could be the one meant for him, if only she gave it all up.

It was a shameless tactic, pulled by a shameless whore of a teenage boy.

It made Steve Harrington fucking sick to his stomach.

Every time he saw or heard about anything Hargrove said about his lack of name on his body, he wanted to throw up.

The skin over his heart itched where Hargrove's name was perfectly written. In typical "spoiled King Steve" way he wanted to scream and cry about the world not being fair. It wasn't fair that he had this assholes name on his chest. Destined to be so close to the one person that would complete him, and have his own soulmate not share the same path in life.

Billy Hargrove might revel in the fact that he was not tied to a single soul on earth and could do as he pleased for the rest of his life. But Steve Harrington nursed his broken heart over a boy that would never see him as anything worthy of his attention...

So, scratch that. Steve Harrington knew six things.

He also knew that he would always be alone.

And that was Billy Hargrove's fault too.

2. Part Two

Notes for the Chapter:

I was too excited to wait to post this chapter, so here you go!

After this, I'll be posting 1-2 times a week, depending on how far ahead I am with chapters. This chapter is when things start to get explicit, and it only ramps up from here. I will be adding specific explicit tags in the end notes of every chapter, so if you'd like to take a peek at them before starting the chapter, by all means do so!

Disclaimer: I don't own the Stranger Things show or characters, I'm just making a pie with their berries! Also, I do not have a beta, so any/all mistakes in this work are my own.

Enjoy!

-Pseudonyme

Part Two

Here I Go Again - Whitesnake

We're Not Gonna Take It - Twisted Sister

It's one of those hot, sticky nights that signal summer is approaching quickly.

Steve is headed to the Quarry with two six packs in the passenger seat of his beamer with all of the windows down and Whitesnake's *Here I Go Again* blasting from his speakers. Originally he'd bought the beer to bring to an end of the school year party at one of the lesser known popular kids houses. Someone named Ben Parker? Or some shit like that... Either way, it didn't matter now. He needed a night to forget not just the fact that Hargrove's name was *literally* on his heart,

but the terrifying nightmares that plagued him of demodogs ripping his friends to shreds. Not to mention the ache in his nose where it was still healing from where his very own soulmate had bashed his face in...

Steve had pulled up to the party, parking on the curb and apparently directly in front of Billy Hargrove's own camaro. His headlights illuminated the cab of the camaro as he pulled up, and his stomach had immediately dropped out from under him as his eyes landed on Hargrove sitting in the backseat of his car, head thrown back, eyes closed and mouth open in ecstasy. In the harsh light from Steve's car there was no hiding the fact that Hargrove's pants were undone, red, flushed cock hanging out with some brunette girl bobbing frantically over it, drooling spit all over it.

The words over Steve's heart began to sting, as did the corners of his eyes, though he'd refuse to admit it, even to himself. As he idled for a stunned moment in the spot he'd pulled into, Hargrove's head picked up from the back seat and stared ahead into the light. Steve was sure that he couldn't really see who was in the car, but the filthy smirk on the California King's face was enough to make it known that he couldn't give less of a fuck. Hargrove's hand came down from where it was splayed against the seat, and his hand grabbed a fist full of the girl's hair. Steve watched in disgust and awe as Hargrove pushed the girl straight down on his cock, until her nose was against the thatch of dark gold hair at the base of his dick. Then without hesitation, he pulled the girl back up in one smooth movement, and pushed down again, until he was effectively fucking the girl's face, that same look of completely unadulterated sin on his stupidly gorgeous face.

Steve was only slightly ashamed at the noise that came out of his throat, as he ripped his gaze from the scene in the other car, and threw his own vehicle into reverse. He heard the metallic slamming of his back bumper hitting the mailbox behind him, but as he peeled out of the street, the only thing he could focus on was Hargrove's fucking stupid face, and the dumb bitch that he'd let suck his cock.

So now, here he is. Screeching to a stop at the small rocky outcrop at the base of the quarry. Headlights shining out onto the placid, dark water. Bugs skipping across the front of his car, and the music still blaring so that maybe Steve can focus on something other than what

he had just witnessed.

When he'd first realized that Hargrove's name was the soulmate mark on his heart, he'd tried to convince himself that it was a complete mistake. He'd never even considered himself a homo before. His father and mother would have a shit fit if they had ever thought he was. He'd exclusively dated girls, and he'd fucked them too. Fuck it all, he'd even *enjoyed* fucking them. Feeling their soft curves beneath him, and smelling their perfume behind their ear. Hearing their breathy sighs of pleasure as he pushed into their slick, velvety heat between their supple thighs made him feel like he'd be able to move mountains...

Then he'd gotten his soulmate mark... And suddenly he was seeing a whole slew of other shit he hadn't even considered.

For instance... He'd immediately noticed the way that Hargrove's muscles bulged and flexed under his golden skin. The way his chiseled jaw was covered in rough looking scruff that made Steve wonder how it would feel against his own face. He watched the sweat drip between Hargrove's abs during practice, and felt the itch to pin him to the floor and lick every single drop from his body. He saw Hargrove's hands, calloused and covered in tiny white scars on his knuckles, cradling some random girl's waist as he talked some stupid shit in her ear about letting her mark him up, and Steve wondered how it would feel wrapped around his cock.

There was always a burning feeling in his belly as he watched all of that shit, and Steve could only think about all of the things *he* wanted.

He wanted, *he wanted*, ***he wanted***.

But of course he would never have it.

Billy Hargrove had no soulmark. Steve had never seen it. No one else had ever seen it. And Hargrove was sure to brag about it to every human with ears.

Steve shakes his head, and tries to rid himself of his thoughts. He knows that the music clearly isn't loud enough if he is still able to

imagine the way Hargrove's cock looked sliding between that stupid bitch's lips. Thick, long and hard, shiny with spit and flushed red from his arousal.

"Fuck this!" Steve screams, slamming his hands on the steering wheel in front of him. Anger boils in the pit of his stomach at the fact that he can't fucking get over this stupid asshole. Turning up the volume of the radio, he reaches into the passenger seat and grabs a beer. Popping it open and drinking its entire contents in one long pull.

He really should have stolen some of his dad's vodka. Beer wasn't going to get him to forget as quickly as some hard liquor would.

He grabs the first six pack and opens his door, slamming it shut with a bit more force than strictly necessary. Throwing the first can to the ground, he puts the six pack on the roof of his beemer and hoists himself onto the hood of the car easily. Laying back against the windshield he can feel the bass of the song vibrate through his bones. He can almost feel it shaking his brain between his ears, and he hopes to fucking God that it might shake loose some of the thoughts rattling around in there.

He grabs another beer and pops the top, taking a big swig of it, but not finishing it entirely this time, and stares up at the sky. It isn't exactly a clear night, but between the clouds the moon is peaking out and shedding some silvery light now and then. Steve pulls in a huge sigh, and closes his eyes. Immediately he's assaulted with images of Hargrove's hand in that girl's hair, pulling and pushing her up and down his cock. With a groan, Steve opens his eyes again and glares out across the still water of the quarry. He finishes the second beer with another sip, and throws that can to the ground as well.

"Soulmates fucking suck," Steve mutters to himself as he pops open another can. He thinks that maybe if he drinks them faster, then he'll be able to stop giving a shit sooner? It seems like logic. So he chugs the third one just as quickly as the first, adding the empty can to the pile beside his front left tire. The summer air is heavy on Steve's bare arms. His t-shirt shows off the freckled complexion of his pale skin, and the music is loud enough that he isn't able to hear the self deprecating mantras that are creeping up to play on repeat in his own mind.

Instead he begins to think about the way that Billy Hargrove's golden skin reflected in the light of his car's headlights. The way that his thick, flushed cock stood erect and begging for appreciation, (which had apparently been already given), but Steve could only imagine himself giving over such full and complete devotion to such a perfect example. And this coming from a boy who had only ever fucked pussy before...

Hargrove's cock was something to behold, that was for certain. Steve can imagine how silky the skin would feel. Molten hot and soft, covering hard steel and gliding perfectly against his own skin. Or in his hand. Or in his mouth... Or God Forbid, in his ass, stretching him out obscenely, in a way that Steve aches for despite the fact that the idea of it terrifies him as much as it intrigues him. He isn't a virgin, that much was obvious to everyone at Hawkins High, since he'd been with Nancy, but also the string of hookups at parties before Nancy had been a blip on his radar. Fucking a pussy couldn't possibly be the same as fucking an ass. But not only that, Steve has always been the one doing the fucking... And he aches down to his bones with want at the thought of Hargrove fucking *into him* .

As he lays on the hood of his car, thinking such incredibly dirty thoughts, his skin prickles in anticipation of what these thoughts usually bring forth. Of course Billy Hargrove is a *fucking motherfucker* and makes Steve want to bend over without even realizing it.

Steve is consumed with the buzz from the three chugged beers and the arousal that slides through him like an easy, slow river. The overwhelming need to suckle the skin beside Hargrove's cock, hidden under that thick thatch of dark golden hair was all consuming, and Steve feels lost to its pull. With a resigned sigh, Steve shimmies out of his jeans, wiggling them below his hips until his own slender cock is exposed to the muggy summer air.

A breath of relief leaves his lips as one hand clutches at the hood of the car and the other wraps loosely around his straining erection. The tip weeps pearly liquid that Steve uses to slick the skin of his dick, hand moving too slow and too loose for him to really get anything out of the movement. Closing his eyes and committing fully to his task (literally) at hand, Steve looks through his mind's eye at the scene he'd witnessed earlier.

Except in this version it was his own slick, open mouth that was easing down over the hard flesh of the other boy. He imagined the slow, dirty smirk that would take over Hargrove's face as he stared down at Steve. A light sheen of sweat over his temples, dripping down the back of his neck, and making the muscles showing through his open shirt glint in the lowlight of the street lamps beyond the car's backseat. There would be no one around to see them, but the thrill of getting caught, the way Steve had caught him that night, sent another thrill down his spine.

Steve would lean down, drifting his lips along the entire length before nestling into the curls at the base. Steve imagined he'd be quite content to nuzzle and suckle on the skin hidden in Hargrove's pubes. He wanted to know what the other boy smelled like in the basest kind of way. He wanted to commit that smell to memory, until he'd be able to recall it just from the thought.

In the real world, his hand drifts more steadily up and down his length. Applying pressure gradually so that he can drag out the moment in his mind.

He could almost hear Hargrove's rumble of approval, and his sharp words telling Steve to quit fucking around and get on with it. And that's when Hargrove would tangle his large tanned hands in Steve's hair. And Steve would smile to himself in victory before he was pushed down onto Hargrove's cock. The hot flesh filling up his mouth as Steve licked around every inch he could reach. Hargrove's hands would push and push and push until Steve's throat was being forced open by the thick cock. Steve could almost feel it in the back of his throat, his hand gripping his own length firmer and beginning to stroke faster.

In his imagined version, Hargrove wouldn't just sit there and grunt and groan. He'd talk to Steve. He'd speak in that deep growling voice that sounded like straight sin to Steve. Words that sounded like a threat, dipped in honey and dripping into Steve's ears.

Steve yearns to hear Hargrove say them in real life.

His hips began to twitch, and his hand speeds up even more, Steve knows that the end is nearing. He imagines what Hargrove's tells

would be. Would he hitch his hips up, shoving deeper into Steve's mouth? Would he yank on Steve's hair, messing it up without giving a fucking thought about it? Would he tell Steve it was happening, right before he spilled his thick, hot liquid into Steve's open and willing mouth? Would he hold Steve there until he'd swallowed every drop?

Steve's own hand is flying up and down his cock, the thoughts coming faster and dirtier the more he moves.

Except, the thought of sucking Hargrove's cock wasn't the most attractive part about the fantasy (although it was definitely second place). No. Steve wonders what Hargrove might do after Steve swallowed every bit of him down.

Would he pet Steve's hair and tell him how good he'd been? Would he pull Steve off of his cock and bring his face up to his own, and push his lips onto Steve's swollen and spit slicked ones? Would he stroke Steve's face and look at him? *Really look at him* . And be able to see the adoration and devotion that Steve was so angry and heartbroken over every single fucking day?

Steve's entire body begins to light up like a live wire, his back arching and locking in place, and his balls tightening as he imagined... He imagines Hargrove ducking down with that devil's smirk on his stupid, gorgeous face and laying a hot, open mouthed kiss right over the mark on Steve's heart.

And that is what sets Steve off. Coming in great shuddering spurts, getting come on his shirt and pants, some even shooting as far up as his chin. Splattering him in the evidence of his shame and pining for a boy that hates his fucking guts. A boy that was supposed to be *his* and instead was the exact opposite.

Steve's hand slows to a stop as his dick grows more and more sensitive. The flesh softening beneath his fingers while his chest heaves for breath, and the name on his chest aches something fierce. Hot shame wells up beneath his breast bone and he throws his head back on the hood, slamming it enough that it hurts.

"Fucking *fuck*, " he mutters. Laying on the hood of his BMW, cock out

and covered in his own come. If anyone showed up now he'd absolutely be arrested for indecent exposure... But he can't quite care, as he tries valiantly to ignore the way his eyes grow hot and sting. The wetness that slides down his cheeks, down to his neck and into the collar of his polo is something that he's sure doesn't really exist if he doesn't acknowledge it.

The song on the radio fades into nothing, leaving silence hanging around Steve for a moment before the familiar drumming of Twisted Sister's song *We're Not Gonna Take It* starts blaring. The irony has Steve snorting with pitiful laughter through his (suspiciously) stuffed up nose. Reaching up, he swipes the come from his chin and wipes it on the front of his shirt, already knowing that the fabric is a lost cause. He stuffs his now pathetically soft cock back into his briefs and pants, zipping up and laying in the open, attempting to think of anything but how stupid he looked a few moments prior.

Like a bitch in fucking *heat* for a boy that looked at him like he was shit on his shoe...

With a sad sigh, Steve reaches over to his pack of beer and grabs up his fourth beer. As he opens the can he imagines that even *if* Hargrove had Steve's name on his body, there was no way he'd want some love sick pussy for a soulmate.

Billy Hargrove was all rock n' roll and bad attitude. A California King in a backwoods Indiana town too tiny for him and his filthy smirks. Effortlessly gorgeous in a stupidly rugged way, and cocky as a motherfucker because he knew it. Leather jackets, and cigarettes, and fucking girls like it was his born right.

And Steve Harrington?

Fallen from grace and social standing. Lone leader of the Hawkins babysitters club. Dumped by the town's sweetheart for the town's weirdo. And sure... He'd killed a few beasts from a different, darker dimension, but what had he gained from it? A constant tremor in his hands whenever a loud noise happened without warning? Nightmares that made sleep a dream in itself? And of course he couldn't forget about the growing sense of uneasiness and panic that made him feel like upchucking every minute of every day.

He'd lost weight since the fight with the demodogs. Stopped eating almost entirely, not by choice, but because the gruesome memories were enough to ruin his appetite all the time. His clothes fit looser around his shoulders, and he'd had to buy a belt to keep his jeans sitting on his hips where he wanted them. The ritual of doing his hair, which had once been his pride and joy, felt idiotic now, as if he was doing something so stupid instead of focusing on what was important.

Steve Harrington was absolutely nothing special.

Especially when compared next to the golden idol that was Billy Hargrove.

Even a dumbass like Steve could see that.

Notes for the Chapter:

Explicit Warnings for:

Masturbation

3. Part Three

Notes for the Chapter:

Hello there! I know I said I'd update once or twice a week, but last week I moved apartments entirely and the wif only Just started to work properly. So here I am!! Better late than never! :)

A warning for this chapter: Things get raunchy pretty quickly. Last chapter was mild compared to this filth that my brain apparently kept trapped inside of it. If you'd like a more explicit warning, check in the notes at the end of the chapter. Otherwise, enjoy!

Also, disclaimer: I don't own Stranger Things or any of the characters, I'm just building a treehouse in their forest. And again, any mistakes are my own!

-Pseudonym

Part Three

Every Breath You Take - The Police

Tainted Love - Soft Cell

It's on Steve's first full day off from Scoops that he ends up at the Hawkins public pool.

His band of nerdy brats begged him to let them use his own pool, but after learning that it was where Nancy's friend Barb had been kidnapped to the upside down, Steve refuses to set foot in it, let alone any of the kids he (loves) watches.

And so, he's trekking through the crowds of Hawkins finest (if finest meant every child, teenage girl and soccer mom in the entire county), towel and beach bag in hand, with six preteens excitedly babbling and trailing behind him. Like he is some kind of fucking mother duck

with her line of ducklings.

When he finds a chair that's relatively away from the biggest swell of the crowd, he sets up camp. The kids all throwing their towels in a heap and half assing their sunscreen application before jumping into the lukewarm water and starting a water fight. Steve rolls his eyes fondly behind his sunglasses as he eyes the kids in the pool. He lays down his towel on the plastic lounge chair and applies a liberal amount of sun cream on the parts of his pale skin that actually show. Steve tries not to feel self conscious about the fact that he was wearing a t-shirt still, despite the blazing heat. First and foremost to cover the stupid name on his chest, but also to keep prying eyes from seeing the way his skin stretches a bit too tight over his ribs and hip bones now.

Finally he sits on his lounge, and breathes a sigh of relief. Nothing but the kids to keep his mind occupied from more... Explicit thoughts. After his night five days ago at the quarry beach, where he'd proceeded to get smashed and cried like a fucking baby about how unfair his life was, he'd sworn to himself to get his fucking shit together.

He wasn't some stupid lovesick school girl. He wasn't another one of Hawkin's dumb sluts panting after Hargrove, wishing and praying that they might be the next one that he'd turn that look full of dark and dirty promises on.

He didn't want Billy Hargrove.

Seriously, he didn't.

The lie was so forced that Steve sighs louder than he means too. The row of soccer moms to his left all cast glances in his direction. He doesn't bother to acknowledge them, though he does recognize Mrs. Wheeler amongst them. Fully decked in makeup and wearing sky high heels that don't seem practical for a day at the pool, but then again, what does Steve know about women anyway?

Reaching into his bag, he grabs the book he'd gotten from the library the last week of school... He may or may not have seen Hargrove reading it in the school parking lot as he'd waited for Max, but that

was definitely not the reason why he'd checked it out himself. Not even a little bit.

It's by Margaret Atwood... Whoever that is, and from the back cover it sounds kind of girly, but Steve is determined to finish it... Because he's such a reader now. Not at all because his fucking douchebag of a soulmate read it too....

As he begins to read, he finds himself focusing more on the words than the thoughts of Hargrove that buzz like angry hornets in his head. Every so often he'll look up and check on the little dorks in the pool, happily playing and swimming with each other. Seeming so... *Okay.*

Despite everything that had happened to them in the past two years. It makes no sense to Steve, who struggles daily to purge his memories of the horrific things he's seen (and done). But he still has enough *self* control to seem *in* control to everyone around him. And that was really the only thing that mattered... Putting on his face, and showing everyone that Steve Harrington was A-Okay. As *fucking* Always. Because of course, pretty rich boys have no problems at all.

He never had to worry about his parents asking about his change in character, or his weight loss, because they were simply never home. Traveling for his dad's business, and being socialites was much more important to Karen and Robert Harrington than the wellbeing of their only son. Although, Steve did wonder if it might be for the best that they couldn't give less of a shit. It meant he didn't have to try so hard to hide things at home, when every moment of his life outside of his empty house was full of putting on a fucking show.

Steve was brought out of his thoughts by the sun being blocked out by the horde that was his kids. Looking up he sees Dustin with a bright smile on his face.

"What do you nerds want now?" Steve asks, pushing his sunglasses up onto his head.

"What makes you think we want something?" Dustin asks, eyes going wide in an obvious attempt at innocence.

"The faster you spit it out, the more likely I am to agree," Steve simply sighs. He'd probably agree to anything they asked for, but the moment they figured that out, the moment he was royally fucked.

"Alright, alright! We just wanted some money for the ice cream truck?" Dustin asks with a pout. Steve looks at the other five kids behind Dustin, dripping wet with hopeful smiles on their faces. Even without them knowing he'd do anything for them, he was royally fucked anyway.

"Okay, fine... Here you go," Steve mutters, reaching into his bag and pulling out a ten dollar bill for them all to split. Dustin snatches it with a grin on his round face.

"Thanks dude! You're the best, you know that?" he says while all the others thanked him quickly and dash off to the parking lot.

"Yeah, whatever... I expect some change back!" Steve shouts at their backs, though he gets no acknowledgement of his words. He shakes his head with a small, fond smile on his lips and settles his sunglasses back into place. It was then that he hears the hushed words of the ladies sitting next to him.

"Heads up, ladies... She's coming down," says one of them. Steve turns his head back to see what they might be looking at, and sees that the female lifeguard was getting down from her station on the chair. He remembers her being a year younger than himself, her name starting with an H. Holly? Hannah? Something like that.

"Would you look at that. Someone call the fire department," mutters another woman in the gaggle beside him. Her voice sounding breathless and girlish to Steve's ears. And that's when he sees him.

Hargrove stepping out from the men's locker rooms, short red swim trunks exposing the hard, thick muscles of his golden thighs. Cut, muscular abdomen shimmering with what Steve is 100% positive is too much tanning oil. A shiny silver whistle hangs around his neck and is nestled between the waxed pecs that Steve has seen so many times at Basketball practice, or between the lapels of Hargrove's stupid unbuttoned shirts. His hair is perfectly placed, falling in gold ringlets and shining under the summer sun.

He looks like a *Fucking God* .

Steve's God.

Hargrove's mouth is pulled into a smirk and Steve wonders if that's just how his mouth is at rest. Steve wants to soften the lines of that mouth. Wants to see him smile or laugh or *anything* to make him stop looking like a shark out of water.

"Here he comes," says another woman. Mrs. Wheeler in fact.

Steve rolls his eyes behind his glasses and tries his hardest to ignore the way the name over his heart is burning his skin. Watching as Hargrove walks through the throng of Hawkins residents, turning that devilish look on all of the girls that pass him, and absolutely *strutting* his way around the pool. Like a fucking peacock. Like he fucking knows that he's God's gift to the godforsaken hick town that is Hawkins, Indiana.

Hargrove finally rounds the pool and starts down the row that Steve and the other ladies are on. In her peripheral, Steve can see the ladies beside him arching their backs a bit more and shoving their cleavage to the sky. Steve has to control the urge to snarl at them, because he has no real reason to. Hargrove isn't his. The proof is quite literally in front of him in the form of miles and miles of *unmarked* golden skin that is sauntering towards him.

"Hey Billy," Mrs. Wheeler's voice is like a cloud of smoke. All breathy and seduction, like a spider weaving its web and trying to convince a fly to come closer. But Hargrove is not a fly. If anything he's a fucking hawk, with sharp eyes and sharper talons. Seeing everything around him and just waiting to dive on it to rip it to shreds.

"Looking good, Mrs. Wheeler," Hargrove's own voice rumbles out of him and sounds like pure sex. It makes the mark on Steve's chest throb and a shiver goes straight down his spine. He finds himself willing his interested dick to stay down, despite the fact that he wants to follow the lead of the slutty soccer moms and arch his back and spread his fucking legs for the new *king* of Hawkins.

Though before he can fall prey to his salacious and (entirely

embarrassing) thoughts, Hargrove is in front of him. Stopped with his swaggering and fully blocking the sun from hitting Steve's body with his large, entirely too attractive, muscular body. Steve feels like he is a bug under a toddler's magnifying glass. One wrong move and he'll be burned alive under the stare of the boy in front of him.

"*Harrington.*" Hargrove says, his sharp shark smile coming back in full force. His voice dripping like honey through Steve's ears and the blonde boy moves his sunglasses down his nose. His cartoonishly blue eyes staring straight through Steve, who is still pinned to the lounge beneath him.

"What do you want Hargrove?" Steve replies, using every ounce of control to keep his voice even and stop his hands from trembling where they clutch his book over his lap.

Hargrove merely looks Steve up and down. Assessing him. Sizing him up. Steve braces himself for whatever sharp words Hargrove will use against him.

"Enjoy the show the other night?" Hargrove asks, and Steve's breath stops. That is *not* what he expected Hargrove to say. His breath hitches and the heart that beats under the blonde boy's own name begins a fast gallop and he knows he's given himself away when the California King's smile grows even sharper.

"Don't know what you're talking about," Steve mutters turning his head to try and peer around Hargrove. He wishes that the kids would show back up, then Hargrove would definitely leave. He can't stand the kids, despite the fact one of them is his own step-sister.

"Of course you do, pretty boy," Hargrove croons. Steve feels his cock twitch at the sound of Hargrove's voice and he closes his eyes, breathing out slowly to keep himself under control.

"I really fucking *don't*, Hargrove. So fucking leave me alone," Steve says, but even to his own ears, his voice sounds tiny. Sounds like he's a child that's been caught lying and is stubborn enough to try and keep up the facade. He can see Hargrove widening his stance and crossing his arms over his bare chest. Steve's mouth waters at the sight of the open space between Hargrove's legs. He wants to see if

he'll fit there as perfectly as he imagines he would. Kneeling at Hargrove's feet, like he's just a loyal subject to the magnificent goldenness of his King.

"There's only one beemer like that in this fucking town, pretty boy. Try to be a bit more subtle next time you peep on someone, yeah?" Hargrove further exposes Steve, and he can feel heat crawling up his neck that isn't from the summer sun. His heart still beating so fast that it's making it hard to catch his breath.

"Whatever, Hargrove. I don't know what you're talking about, so just piss off," Steve says, trying his damndest to inject venom into the words. He knows for sure that it doesn't work when he (stupidly) chances a glance back at the blonde boy and sees him smirking knowingly down at him. Quickly, he averts his gaze again and stares determinedly at the pool.

"Alright then, princess. You deny all you want, just don't be too jealous that the new King of Hawkins has more loyal subjects than you now," Hargrove taunts meanly, smirk still in place as he starts walking again towards his post.

As soon as the boy's back is turned, Steve lets out a shaky breath, entirely too unsettled by the fact that Hargrove had *known* Steve had seen him that night. Hargrove had *seen* it was Steve's car in front of him, and had smirked and had kept fucking *going* with that girl slobbering all over his dick. The ache in Steve's heart made him want to sob, but he bit his lip as hard as possible and willed the feeling away. He sat for a long time, trying to get himself back to a state of normalcy, not daring to look away from the blue water and see Hargrove sitting in that towering char, watching over his new fucking domain.

Soon enough the kids come back, holding their dripping ice creams and El hands him a strawberry ice pop with a small, shy smile. Steve thanks her and is glad for the distraction as he sits with the kids listening to them chat a mile a minute about their summer plans. Steve smiles at them as they talk excitedly about the potential of the summer, distracted enough that he makes the mistake of glancing around the pool. He doesn't even realize what he's doing until he's caught in the snare of Hargrove's gaze. The blonde boy has his

sunglasses on, but Steve *knows* that Hargrove is looking at him.

Heat slithers down Steve's spine, and feeling just the tiniest bit of courage (since the boy isn't directly in his space anymore), Steve sticks the ice pop back into his mouth. His lips wrap around the sticky red treat and his mind goes back to his fantasy of sucking Hargrove's cock. Keeping his eyes trained on Hargrove as he pulls the ice pop out of his mouth then licks a line from the bottom to the top, catching the juice that's melted. His own covered eyes watch as Hargrove's hand drifts up from its spot resting on one thick thigh and blatantly lands on his cock. Even from across the pool Steve watches with rapt attention, as Hargrove shamelessly adjusts himself in those tiny red swim trunks.

Steve thinks for a moment that he's losing his mind and that he's imagining things. Or maybe he's fallen asleep in the lounge and is having an incredible dream. Covertly, he pinches the side of his thigh, and *nope* not a dream. Hargrove is definitely fondling himself, completely out in the open *in public* while staring at Steve licking a damn ice pop.

All of the sudden, Steve feels sick to his stomach. He was so wrapped in his fantasy that he'd forgotten one very important thing. Billy Hargrove would never waste his time on Steve, even *if* he had Steve's name on his body.

The ice pop falls from Steve's hand as his fingers go lax around the stick.

"Aw man! C'mon, Steve! What a waste," Dustin's voice echoes loud enough in Steve's ears that he jerks from his thoughts and feels his body burning with shame.

"Sorry, sorry. It's fine. No big deal," Steve forces the words out and shrugs at the kids. They all move on quickly from the blunder, and resume their chatting. Steve dares a look back towards Hargrove, and finds that the blonde boy is now talking to a particularly buxom redhead that Steve vaguely recognizes from school. Her tits are pushed together for maximum attention seeking, and Steve watches as Hargrove leans forward and licks his lips as he speaks to the girl. A ringing starts in Steve's ears and for a blinding second, the only thing

he wants to do is go over there and pull Hargrove's mouth onto his own. He wants to suck on that stupid pink tongue and show the entire world that Hargrove is *his*.

"Come on, Steve! You're not just going to sit there all day are you? It's like ninety degrees out!" Dustin's voice once again cuts through his thoughts and Steve jerks back into reality. He's really got to get a hold on his fucking brain. His fantasies are getting way too out of hand.

"Alright, I'm coming, asshole," Steve mutters and puts his book back in his bag. At least if he's in the water no one will be able to see if he gets a semi again. The kids all jump back into the water and look expectantly at Steve, who stands and his hands hover at the hem of his shirt for a moment, almost forgetting that he absolutely *cannot* take it off. Then he slides into the water with the others, feeling the heavy dark material stick to his skin as it soaks through.

"What's with the shirt, dude?" Mike Wheeler asks, eyeing Steve's fabric clad body.

"Don't want a sunburn, idiot," Steve shrugs. The boy seems skeptical still, but doesn't push it, and then Steve is pulled into a vicious splashing war.

He plays with the kids in the water for a long time. Almost long enough to forget about the popsicle debacle, and just enjoying being in the summer sun. It's only after Dustin and Lucas team up with Max to grab Steve's shoulders and pushed his head under the water that it happens.

Despite the fact that they're smaller than him, when they push him under, his feet can't touch the bottom of the pool. He's got no leverage to get himself out of their grips and back to the surface. The panic sets into his chest like a creature with claws, twisting into his flesh and prying his ribs open. Steve reaches up blindly to push the kids hands away, darkness seeping into the edges of his vision as he rapidly uses all of his oxygen in his lungs.

Steve feels the slimy sensation of the demodogs bodies around his legs. Can hear the otherworldly screaming that comes from the

monsters that haunt his every waking moments. Can feel the heart stopping fear that injects itself into his veins like ice.

It's in that moment that the only thought that rings through his mind is: *I'm going to die.*

And then he's being ripped up towards the surface.

As soon as his head breaks free of the water, he's gasping for air, choking on it as he pulls it deeper and deeper into his lungs. Distantly he hears someone shouting angrily, though it sounds like it's coming from the other end of a tunnel. There's a tight grip around his skinny shoulders and someone is effortlessly pulling him out of the water and setting him on the hot concrete. His entire body heaves with the effort to breathe again, and he holds his hands over his eyes as he pushes away the horrific images that were conjured by his panic.

The gate is closed. The demogorgons are gone.

He's alive. He's alive. He's alive.

Slowly he comes back to himself, and still hears the angry yelling happening around him. Several voices all going back and forth. It starts to give Steve a headache as he finally opens his eyes to the blinding light of the summer day and looks up to see Hargrove standing above him.

He's now dripping wet, gold ringlets in slight disarray as they drip down his chest. Water droplets clinging to the golden skin and the red fabric of his shorts clinging even tighter to Hargrove's thighs, hips, and the glorious cock that Steve knows is hidden underneath. He's seen it, dammit. He *knows* it's fucking glorious.

"If I *ever* see any shit like that again the fucking lot of you are *banned for fucking life!* You fucking hear me? You almost fucking drowned him you little shits! What do you think would happen to you all if you fucking *killed* him?" Hargrove is shouting. Steve's eyes are drawn away from the bulge in the red shorts and up towards Hargrove's face. His blue eyes are wild in a way Steve hasn't seen since the night that Hargrove beat the shit out of him. A kind of panicked anger that can't be contained by anyone or anything. There's a vein on his

temple that is throbbing, and a clench to his square jaw that makes Steve want to smooth his hand over it and make it relax.

“We were going to let him up...” Max’s soft voice is filled with tears, and Steve looks away from Hargrove to finally realize that the California boy is reaming them out. All of the kids standing at the edge of the pool looking properly remorseful. Even a bit scared.

“Yeah well you *didn’t* and fucking *look at him*, ” Hargrove’s voice grates out. Steve flinches at the furious words. He realizes how pathetic he must look. Shivering and shaking after almost drowning at the public pool... What a *fucking* idiot. And of course Hargrove was the one to pull him out. He’d have ammunition against Steve for the rest of his fucking *life* now. And the thing about it, is that Steve isn’t even mad at the kids. It’s not their fault because they couldn’t possibly have known that Steve would flip the fuck out. He’d never given any indication that anything was wrong with him after the shit they’d all seen. It was his own fucking fault for being so fucking weak. A stupid fucking idiot.

“I’m fine, guys, no worries,” Steve finally says. His voice is scratchy, and his throat hurts like a bitch. The kids and Hargrove all look down at him, and Steve unsteadily pushes himself into standing. His legs feel like jello, and he’s shaking like a newborn deer, but damn, if he doesn’t want to save a *little* face. Especially while the entirety of Hawkins is still staring at him silently.

“You’re not fine Steve, we shouldn’t have-” Lucas starts and Steve just waves him off.

“Really, it’s okay. I didn’t have enough air. You guys just took me by surprise. It’s fine,” Steve says again, trying to flash them his winning smile. The one that Nancy Wheeler would call *bullshit* if she saw it.

The kids are silent as they stare at him, and Steve suddenly feels exhausted. He wants to curl up in a ball in a dark room and stay there as long as possible. Away from the skeptical looks and the judgement, and the feeling of being exposed at every angle to every person he spoke too.

He sees Hargrove step a little closer towards him, holding out a hand.

Like he's reaching for Steve for some fucking reason. Steve doesn't have the brain power to wonder why he'd bother to reach for Steve.

"Come on, Harrington. These little shits fucked up, why don't you just fucking sit down a while," Hargrove says in a voice that's so uncharacteristically soft that Steve's breath stops and his eyes cut back to the other boy's. There's a look in them that Steve has never seen there before. He isn't sure if it's good or bad, but the way that he sees Hargrove's fingers twitch towards him, like he wants to touch Steve makes something hot ignite in his chest. Quickly he squashes it like a bug. He's definitely still oxygen deprived and it's making him loopy enough to imagine things like that now.

"No, I'm fine. I'm going to go home now. You guys alright to get back?" Steve asks, turning his attention back to the kids.

"My mom can take us back," Mike Wheeler pipes up, and the rest of the nerds nod in agreement. Steve nods his head and walks towards his lounge. He shoves the book he'd been reading and his towel back into the bag, shuffles his sandals onto his feet and gives the kids another winning smile.

"You guys have fun... I'll... I'll see you guys later, okay?" Steve says, brushing by Hargrove without meeting his gaze again and walks straight back into the men's locker room. He can feel the stares of every single other person out by that pool as sure as he feels the hot sun on his sopping wet shoulders. He muscles his way through a group of guys on their way out of the locker room, and walks down the row of empty showers until he gets to the last stall. Sets his bag down and pulls the curtain closed. Breathing deep and slow into the humidity of the room, and closing his eyes to try and find a bit of peace.

After a long moment, he opens his eyes and turns on the shower. He efficiently strips off his shirt and shorts letting the thick air of the room and the steam of the shower wash over his naked skin. As he steps under the spray he closes his eyes again. Letting the water drip down over the top of his head and over his face as he calms himself down again.

All he can see is Hargrove's face in his mind. That crazed look in his

eye as he yelled at the kids, and the way he looked at Steve after telling him to sit down. It was something like *worry*. It was something like Hargrove *cared*. Even just for a second. Even just because he wanted to make it look like he gave a shit because it was his *job*. Steve was sure that it was just the oxygen deprivation talking, but he held tight to that image of Hargrove's expression. He'd keep it tucked away for the days when the name over his heart ached too much to breathe properly and tears raced down his cheeks.

He's so caught up in his thoughts under the spray of water that he doesn't even hear the door to the locker room open again and close, the lock clicking into place with a snap. He doesn't hear the wet footsteps coming closer and closer. Steve rubs at his eyes and lifts his hands to push his sopping hair from his forehead, when he feels a gust of cool air behind him and turns to blindly push the curtain back into place when he feels two large hands land on his hips.

With a yelp, he wrenches his eyes open, blinking rapidly as water drips into them, and twists his head around, only to stare disbelievingly into piercingly blue eyes that stare up at him. Steve's breath leaves him in one big gust, but Hargrove doesn't speak, kneeling on the tiled floor behind Steve and simply moves one hand up to Steve's back and pushes his torso forward. Steve is forced to brace himself against the wall of the shower, the cold tile biting into his chest and cheek as they pressed against it. His heart hammering behind his ribs, and his mouth hanging open in shock as he breathes frantically.

He doesn't dare to speak, as he feels Hargrove's large, hot hands smooth down Steve's back, lingering along the sides of his ribs that show in small bumps. After a moment those hands descend lower, skimming his sharp hip bones and following the outside lines of Steve's legs. Steve's breath is coming in short gasps as his brain short circuits continually, not fully understanding what is happening, but wanting to see what happens.

Hargrove's fingers circle around Steve's ankles, the thumbs brushing over the knob of bone with what Steve almost imagines as tenderness. Then his hands are moving upward on the inside of Steve's legs and he wriggles a bit, a breathy moan leaving his mouth unbidden. The hands hesitate for a moment on the inside of Steve's

thighs at the sound, and Steve bites his lips to contain the whimpers that want to break free. His cock has gone from soft to rock solid the moment he realized Hargrove was kneeling behind him, and he feels a bit dizzy with the blood rushing to his dick.

Hargrove's hands still haven't moved and Steve's hips twitch slightly, completely unable to stay still knowing that his *fucking* soulmate is touching him at that moment. A whimper escapes his mouth, and instead of making Hargrove hesitate, it seems like that breaks the spell of his immobility. Hargrove's hands slide up the backs of Steve's thighs until they've both come to rest on the globes of Steve's ass.

Fingers digging into the round flesh and squeezing hard, pulling the cheeks apart easily before pushing them back together. Steve is nearly delirious with the pleasure that consumes him, entirely shameless as he tilts his hips back and out, to give Hargrove better purchase. Over the pounding water he swears he hears Hargrove mutter "*Fuck*", but he can't be sure.

Hargrove's hands still and his thumbs dip into Steve's crack, pulling the cheeks apart once again, but holding them there. Exposing Steve's hole to the humid air and making Steve wiggle with embarrassment and excitement. He feels his hole clenching slightly, as if trying to pull Hargrove's thumbs closer. He's never had someone play with his ass before, but he's sure that it might be the best thing he's ever felt before. He unintentionally winks his hole again at the other boy, attempting to tilt his hips more to give the blonde boy a better view when he feels it. It's not Hargrove's fingers, which are still clasped around the meat of his cheeks, but it's round and firm. Definitely not big enough to be Billy Hargrove's monster cock, that's for sure. Steve chances a glance back over his shoulder and nearly melts into a puddle of arousal at the sight. Billy's face between his pulled apart asscheeks, eyes half lidded and mouth open as the tip of his nose *fucking nuzzles* Steve's asshole.

"Oh *God*, " Steve moans, and Billy's gaze snaps up to Steve's. But instead of being scared off, Billy merely smirks, and lifts his face away for a moment, looking into Steve's gaze before leaning in again and planting an open mouthed kiss on Steve's rim. The sound that's ripped from Steve's chest is not natural as he faces forward again and presses his cheek to the shower wall.

He feels Billy's lips kiss at his rim for a few seconds, the hot breath washing over his puckered skin and making him tighten his hole in response. For a moment Steve thinks that it's almost like his asshole is kissing Billy back. A shudder of arousal swims down his spine and hits him so hard that his knees tremble.

"Please. *Please*, " Steve hears himself beg. Although through his delirium he isn't even sure what he's asking for. In all honesty he isn't totally positive that he's still alive. Maybe he did drown in the Hawkins Public Pool and this is heaven?

But Billy apparently takes Steve's whispered pleas to heart and Steve feels the thick warm wetness of Billy's tongue snake out between his lips and probe at his hole. Steve moans low and long at the feeling, but Billy doesn't hesitate. Instead, he goes in for the fucking kill.

His hands tighten on Steve's cheeks and pull them even further apart, leaving Steve open for him. His tongue swirls over the wrinkled flesh of Steve's rim, lapping and sucking, sounding obscene in the small, echoey shower cubicle. Steve hears as much as he feels the languid lapping of Billy's tongue from his taint to his asshole. Wet and sloppy as he digs his entire face in between Steve's spread cheeks. The thick wet muscle flicks rapidly over Steve's hole, and he feels himself relax a bit, and Billy's tongue catches on the opening rim. Without hesitation, his thumbs dig deeper into the crack and pull Steve's hole apart, nuzzling his nose against it once again and huffing small breaths over it.

Steve's face burns with a mix of overwhelming arousal and humiliation that Billy is *literally* breathing into his asshole, but then the blonde boy's tongue is back, and it's spearing into Steve's hole. Steve's legs shake and all ideas of being embarrassed fly from his brain he pushes his ass back onto the other boy's face. He hears Billy's rumbling growl of approval at the movement and feels the vibrations against his sopping wet hole. It makes Steve whine with want and cant his hips backwards again, effectively fucking himself back onto Billy's face.

The tongue in his hole is relentless, and his cock hangs, dripping and neglected between his legs. Although Steve couldn't give less of a fuck, as long as Billy keeps tongue fucking him. He'd always thought

he was pretty good at eating pussy, but Billy makes eating ass seem like a fucking work of art.

Wet, squelching noises accompany Steve's pants and whines as Billy eats his hole out like he's a starving man and Steve is his feast. He's growling into Steve's flesh and nipping sharply at Steve's taint and Steve can't help but try to spread his legs wider to help the boy along. He never wants this to end, and Billy seems the same way. Except then the blonde boy pauses for a moment and Steve lets out another mortifying sound of need.

"It's alright, baby. Just hold yourself open for me. Let me look at that pretty little hole," Billy's voice is barely more than a deep rasp, but the sound burns through Steve like wildfire. Without hesitation, he brings his hands off the wall and around behind him, grabbing his cheeks and spreading them the way that Billy had been. He knows Billy is staring at his open, relaxed hole, and his cheeks heat up. For a long moment Billy does nothing and Steve's breathing gets harsher. He's about to turn around to make sure that Billy hasn't left him, when he finally feels one of Billy's fingers drift over his hole. He moans again, unable to contain himself and he's sure that he hears a fond laugh behind him, but then again, it's hard to hear much of anything over the spray of water and his own gasping breaths.

The finger continues to pet Steve's rim. Gently circling it with just the tip of one finger, so tender that Steve wants to cry. He can feel his eyes beginning to tear up and his whimpers get higher the longer he stands there, holding himself open for Billy's finger, until finally the blonde boy slips the tip of his finger right inside of Steve's hole. Immediately Steve clenches down on it, moaning pitifully and this time he *knows* he hears Billy's soft chuckle behind him.

"I got you, sweetheart. I got you," Billy murmurs under the sound of the running shower, and Steve is too unhinged with arousal to know what he's talking about. Doesn't have two braincells left to rub together after Billy's been playing his body like a fucking game. He feels Billy's finger tip wriggle around for a moment, before it's pulling down on Steve's rim, and there's a slight burn that feels so *fucking good*, and suddenly Billy's tongue is even *further* inside of him than before.

The wriggling, wet muscle pulses in and out of Steve's hole, the blonde's finger still hooked on the tight rim, opening it as much as he can to aid his tongue. Steve is nearly incoherent as Billy licks into him. He's sure that he's going to combust, or his cock is going to pop off, but he can't imagine pulling away from Billy. Can't imagine dropping his hands from his ass and taking his swollen dick in hand. Because in his heart, the one that's underneath Billy's own name, he knows that he'll take whatever Billy gives him and he won't push for anything more.

"Fucking *gorgeous* , pretty boy," Billy moans the words against Steve's hole again and Steve raises himself onto the balls of his feet, pushing back as much as possible. Billy's lips kiss the swollen opening desperately and it has Steve teetering right on the edge of something so magnificent that he's sure that it will *hurt*. But he doesn't care. Because it's his *soulmate* that is doing this to him.

"Please, I'll be so good. Please, *please*, " Steve begs, and this time he knows that there are tears streaming down his face. Begging isn't something he ever imagined he'd do during sex... Afterall, he was usually the one making the chick beneath him beg. But he'd beg Billy to give him whatever he deemed Steve worthy of. He knew he would.

"That's right, Princess. You're *so fucking good* for me," Billy says between gentle licks on the furred skin. Steve is shaking so hard that he feels like he might vibrate out of his own skin. Billy's hands come back up to frame Steve's ass right over Steve's own hands spreading himself open, and they pry Steve's hands from the flesh. Steve whines, but he's quickly placated when he feels Billy nestle himself in between the cheeks again. Letting his entire face get smooshed between Steve's asscheeks as he starts to eat Steve's ass even more ravenously. Grunting and groaning and growling against Steve's flesh while his tongue flickers and licks into Steve's hole.

Steve can feel the familiar tightening in his balls as Billy continues his assault, acting as though he has nothing better to do than eat Steve's hole out. Like he wouldn't want to be anywhere else but between Steve's ass cheeks tasting Steve's winking rim.

"I'm going to... *Fuck, Billy*. I'm going to come," Steve whimpers pathetically, knees practically knocking together as his entire body

tightens in anticipation. Steve feels, rather than hears Billy's responding snarl, vibrating right against his hole, and one large, hot hand releases an asscheek and closes firmly around Steve's cock.

And then Steve is coming. Harder than he has ever come before in his life. Spurting jizz across the shower tiles, arms trembling where they try to hold him up against the wall, and moaning desperately as Billy's tongue wiggles itself into his spasming hole. Clenching down on Billy's tongue through every wave of his orgasm makes it feel like it lasts even longer and Steve can feel one of Billy's hands stroking his back soothingly while the other milks his cock of every last drop. Finally with a shiver and a soft moan, Steve slumps against the wall, breathing hard and his brain fuzzy with the post orgasmic rush of endorphins.

He twitches briefly as Billy's hands retreat back to his asscheeks and pulls them apart to plant one last kiss on the still fluttering rim. Steve's breath leaves him with a whimper as Billy's hands let go of his ass and he feels the tall, ripped blonde boy stands up behind him.

With his mind turned to mush, Steve can only mewl softly as Billy's hands ghost their way up over his hips and settle on his waist. The warmth that they give off is enough to rival the heat of the shower.

Steve swears that he hears Billy say something, but it's too soft to hear over the rush of the water, and his brain is too scrambled to ask what he said anyway.

They stand like that for a long time, until Steve's breathing begins to even out again and the shaking in his body recedes, although the clouds in his mind stay firmly in place. Steve attempts to turn around, but the blonde boy's hands keep him pinned in place.

"Billy?" Steve murmurs quietly, and he feels the wash of breath from a sigh over the back of his neck.

"See you around, pretty boy," Billy's voice has a sharp edge to it once again, and with a hard slap to one of Steve's ass cheeks, the other boy is gone.

For a minute Steve remains slumped against the wall, but when he

pulls back and turns around, he finds the curtain back in place and himself standing alone in the hot water. If it weren't for the tingling red handprint he knows is on his ass and the boneless post orgasmic feeling coursing through his veins, he'd think he imagined the entire thing.

Billy Hargrove had just eaten his ass in public, without a word to suggest that he knew Steve had his name over his heart.

"What the *fuck* ," Steve whispers to himself.

He might be oblivious at times, but he *knows* that Billy Hargrove has never given any indication that he wanted to do anything but beat Steve into a pulp. Let alone stick his *tongue* into Steve's ass.

To say Steve is confused would be an understatement. He knows that he'll continue to wonder what the fuck the meaning behind the entire encounter was. But damn, if he won't think about it every single day for the rest of his life.

His soulmate had given him a taste of what he was capable of and Steve isn't sure if he's able to be content forever with that taste of perfection, or if it's going to break his heart knowing what he could never have again.

Either way, he knows he'll find out.

Notes for the Chapter:

Warning:

Rimming

Semi-Public Sex

4. Part Four

Notes for the Chapter:

WELL. Hello there. I love promising to update regularly and then getting completely put off by life. I have no excuses, just that life always seems to get in the way... So to put you (and myself) at ease, here's my new promise: I will Absolutely finish this story, and I will try my best not to make it take forever, but please be patient with me if updates aren't every week. That's all!

Also, I see that ya'll enjoyed the last chapter... ;) Thank you for all of the kudos and the kind comments, they truly make my day! Now, I'll let you get on with it!

Disclaimer: I don't own the Stranger Things universe or any of its characters. I'm just making an igloo out of their snow blocks. Also, I do not have a beta reader, so any/all mistakes are my own!

Thanks for reading!

-pseudonyme

Part Four

Careless Whisper - George Michael

Need You Tonight - INXS

It's been almost a week and Steve has not seen hide nor hair of Billy Hargrove, and that's saying something in Smalltown, USA: Hawkins, Indiana.

Although, he's been working like a dog at Starcourt Mall, slinging icecream for the masses that stop by Scoops Ahoy every *fucking* day.

And it's not like it's been all bad. He has Robin to keep him company, and wax poetic about every girl that comes into the store. But Robin can only keep his mind preoccupied so much. Especially when all he can think about the other half of the time is the way Billy Hargrove's tongue felt opening him up in the public showers at the Hawkins Public Pool.

Jesus fucking Christ, even the thought of it makes Steve break into a sweat.

He knows he's being ridiculous. Billy Hargrove couldn't give less of a shit about him. The fact that he'd come for him in the showers was nothing more than a power move. Something to hold over Steve in the future. Something to taunt him with. Of that, Steve was sure. Hargrove had seen the desire in Steve's eyes when he'd been confronted about watching Hargrove get sucked off by that girl. He'd known that Steve wanted him, because why wouldn't he? Everyone in the town wanted a piece of Hargrove. Boys wanted to be him, the girls wanted to be on him. Mothers wanted to escape their dreary lives with him, and fathers wanted to relive their glory days through him.

And Steve wasn't special. Of course he wasn't.

Hargrove was untouchable, and the stunt he pulled at the pool was proof of that. The devil may care attitude. The absolute no fucks that the boy gave about hooking up in public with a *boy* that he *hated* just for the sake of one upping him? Classic Hargrove.

"Could you please stop looking like someone murdered your dog in front of you? It's totally bumming me out, dude," Robin's voice cuts through Steve's inner turmoil.

"I don't look like that," Steve huffs, flicking imaginary dust off of his uniform's collar.

"Yeah, right. You look more like someone that finally found out Santa Claus isn't real," Robin snorts, using a sample spoon to dig into some rocky road without hesitation. Steve just frowns at her and leans back against the counter.

"I'm fine," Steve huffs.

"Oh, I never said you weren't fine... But now that you mention it, what's eating at you, Steve *"The Hair"* Harrington?" Robin asks, looking up at him with her impenetrable gaze.

Steve immediately averts his eyes and scuffs his trainers on the linoleum.

"Nothing. Honest. Everything's fucking... Peachy keen," he mutters.

"*Peachy keen?*" Robin repeats in disbelief, "Okay, now I *know* something's wrong with you... So spill it."

Steve sighs and reaches up to pinch the bridge of his nose.

"Even if something *was* wrong... Which there's *not*, " Steve hastens to add at Robin's unimpressed look, "Why would I tell you about it? You'll just make fun of me like you always do."

Robin gasps in mock outrage, flinging a hand to her chest like some stupid exaggerated southern belle. Steve looks at the ceiling and wonders what he ever did to deserve such a dumbass friend.

"*Steve 'The Hair' Harrington. I would never!* " she says to him, all fake affront that has Steve rolling his eyes even harder. He starts to wonder what excuse he can use to get out of work early as Robin prattles on about the lack of trust in their friendship, when the bell on the front counter rings and breaks through their conversation.

Both of them look to the front of the store, and there, with his arm wrapped around some blonde chick he doesn't recognize, is the object of Steve's inner turmoil himself.

"Nice sailor suit, Harrington. Those come in men's sizes too?" Billy Hargrove asks with a sneer, his blue eyes glinting in the fluorescent lights above them in the parlour. Steve feels glued to his spot with anxiety, any clever comebacks he might have had once are stuck in his throat as he's assaulted with the memory of those cerulean eyes looking up at him while Hargrove ate him out.

"I'm sorry, can we fucking *help* you? " Robin asks, her eyebrows

pulled together as she steps in front of Steve with a protective curve to her shoulders. Steve immediately takes back bad thing he ever thought about Robin (admittedly not a lot), and thanks every part of the Universe for bringing her into his life.

“I wasn’t fucking talking to you, sailor girl,” Hargrove spits out. Steve flinches back and shuffles a bit towards the door to the back room.

“Yeah, I know that Douche Lord, but I don’t appreciate talking to my Steve that way,” Robin snaps back. The silence that follows after her words is deafening, and Steve can’t help but look up from the floor. He sees the lines of tension in Hargrove’s body as he stares at Robin with daggers in his eyes. He looks as if he believes that if he looks at her hard enough she might turn to ash on the spot.

“*Oh*. It’s *your* Steve, is it?” Hargrove asks, teeth bared in a snarl. Steve watches with rapt attention as Hargrove moves to lean over the counter a bit and get into Robin’s face. He also watches as the blonde girl under Hargrove’s arm tugs on the lapels of Hargrove’s (unbuttoned, of course), shirt.

“Let’s just go, baby. I don’t want ice cream anymore,” the girl says attempting to get Hargrove’s attention on herself again. Steve feels the urge to leap over the counter and tackle her to the ground. Of course he would *never*. Because Billy Hargrove wasn’t *his*. He had no right to feel jealous. Not even a little bit. Not even if he had the stupid motherfucker’s name written *literally* on his fucking heart.

“No, no. I want to know just what makes him *your* Steve?” Hargrove spits again, eyes near glowing with fury. Steve’s eyes cut to Robin, who’s looking at him with an expression that clearly says: *What the fuck kind of drug is this dude on?*

“Got his name on your fucking skin, sailor girl?” Hargrove asks, and that’s when Robin takes a step back, one of her hands shooting to her right shoulder. Steve realizes she’s covering her own soulmark, as if Hargrove has xray vision and see that she’s lying. Robin stutters with her mouth open for a long moment and Hargrove smiles with all of his teeth. Sharp and dangerous, and Steve wants to fucking *devour* him.

“That’s what I fucking thought,” Hargrove hisses, the girl under his arm squirming with discomfort at the entire exchange. Steve still feels like pulling her pretty blonde hair out of her fucking head, but he won’t because Billy Hargrove *isn’t* fucking *his*.

“Now, here’s what’s going to happen. You’re going to shut the fuck up, and go on a little break. Maybe take a walk around the fucking mall. And Harrington here, is going to serve us some fucking ice cream, like the good little princess he is. Got it?” Hargrove asks, despite the way he phrases it is definitely not a question. Even Robin, (sweet, naive, stubborn, Robin), gets the picture that Hargrove isn’t fucking around and she nods her head like a bobblehead. Steve has never seen her move so fast as she whips out from behind the counter like someone lit her ass on fire and melds into the crowd of people in the food court.

Steve stands stock still, like a doe in the sights of a fully armed hunter. He’s so utterly fucked, and the only thing he’s capable of doing is standing there and staring at his (unknowing) soulmate like a moron.

“Now then. Where were we, princess?” Hargrove asks, lips pulling into the dark, sharp smirk that always seems to be on his face. Except all Steve can think about is how those lips had been pressed against one of the most intimate places on his body... The thought alone makes Steve’s body temperature skyrocket, and he’s thankful that the counter is hiding the way he twitches interestedly in the stupid blue uniform shorts.

“Billy? Baby... I’m going to get a hot dog on a stick. Come find me when you’re done,” the blonde girl wiggles her way out from under Hargrove’s arm, giving him a curious look, but Hargrove doesn’t spare her a glance as she walks away.

This leaves them entirely alone. The parlour is empty of customers, and the only noise is the idiotic, tinny sailor music coming in over the speakers.

Steve is unsure what to do next. Feeling as if any move he makes will have Hargrove on him in a second. And while that’s the only thing Steve has been able to think about for the past week since his last

encounter with the blonde boy, he isn't so sure that the experience would be so positive this time around.

"Long time no see, pretty boy. This where you've been hiding?" Hargrove asks. His voice is still a dangerous rumble, but instead of instilling blood curdling fear, it makes Steve want to melt into a puddle. Or suck Hargrove's dick. Maybe a little of both.

"Working," Steve says dumbly. He sees Hargrove's eyebrow twitch upwards, and he realizes that wasn't a complete sentence, so he tries again, "I've been working a lot. You know."

Hargrove licks his lips and looks down at Steve's uniform again. The way he looks at Steve makes him want to simultaneously hide and preen in front of the blonde boy.

"Yeah... Some gig you have here. Can't say I mind the outfit though, princess. Really shows off those legs of yours," Hargrove smiles, but Steve knows that the other boy isn't paying him a compliment. The mean glint of his blue eyes gives away what he really thinks of Steve's outfit.

"Well not all of us want to spend a working day half naked and covered in baby oil," Steve snaps back. His words don't seem to have any effect on Hargrove, because the other boy merely leans over the counter further, both hands braced on top of it and leering at him. Steve swallows hard and bites his lip, looking desperately in the crowd for Robin to show back up and rescue him.

"You sure about that? You didn't seem to mind so much last time you were at the pool... In fact, I distinctly remember it being... *a pleasure*, for you," Hargrove's words are nearly a purr. Seductive and deep and Steve's knees tremble a bit, but he becomes rapidly aware that Hargrove is talking about their rendezvous in the shower. His mouth drops open as he stares at the blonde boy with shock. The fact that Hargrove would even *think* to bring it up in public is an option Steve never thought of.

Of course, it's all so perfectly clear now. Hargrove is only reminding him of what happened to hold it over Steve's head. A threat that he's got no issues with exposing Steve. And while Steve wonders how

Hargrove would ever be able to throw him under the bus without exposing himself, he doesn't doubt that the smooth talking bad boy would find a way to exonerate himself entirely.

"I don't want to play this game, Hargrove," Steve says in a voice much smaller than he'd meant it to sound. Hargrove quirks an eyebrow back at him and bites his plush bottom lip. The sight makes Steve want to reach over the counter and pull the lip away from those sharp teeth.

"Who said anything about playing a game?" Hargrove asks, then leans even closer, "Though if you want it to be a game... I have to remind you... I'm a competitive bastard. And I *always* win."

Steve barks a humorless laugh at the memories of high school basketball and keg stand records roll through his head, "No need to remind me of that, Hargrove."

Looking at the blonde boy, Steve thinks that he sees the hint of a smile hidden in the crinkles around the boy's eyes. But that could be the fluorescent lighting... Or (more likely) Steve's optimistic imagination.

They're both silent for a long moment, neither one of them moving, as if they don't want to break the sort of calm that's fallen over them. Steve feels the words on his heart burn with a comforting warmth. It feels as though someone has wrapped a blanket around his heart and he wants to snuggle into it and never leave. And the longer Steve stares back into Hargrove's eyes, the more sure he is that he can see the cold cerulean blue warming into something deeper and softer. Something that makes Hargrove look (in Steve's opinion) even more *fucking* gorgeous.

"Look, Harrington... About last week..." Hargrove begins to say, when all of the sudden the blonde girl is back from before. Her petite body shoves itself into Hargrove's side, and she blinks up at him demurely, holding two hot dogs on sticks. Steve is overcome with the need to take those stupid meat sticks and shove them into her eyes.

Of course he would *never*. Because Billy Hargrove. Isn't. *His*.

The spell between the two boys is broken with the girl's arrival, and Steve's body moves quickly to grab a rag from behind him and start wiping down the counters. Averting his eyes from the other pair and trying his fucking hardest not to make himself look like an idiot.

"Baby, what's taking so long? We're going to miss the previews! I just *love* watching the previews," the girl simpers towards Hargrove. Steve's fingers grip the towel in his hands, whiteknuckled as he tries to not strangle the mystery girl with it.

"Fucking Jesus Christ. Alright. Harrington, get us two scoops of strawberry," Hargrove's voice is entirely unmoved by the girl's whining, and though Steve doesn't show it, he feels a private victory at that. With a nod, and without looking up at them again, he quietly scoops their ice cream into a small cup. Ignoring the tight feeling in his stomach (which is fucking *stupid*) as he pulls out a plastic spoon and sticks it into the pink icecream.

He punches buttons on the till and looks up at Hargrove who is steadfastly ignoring the blonde girl leached onto his side, and is staring intently at Steve.

"It's going to be seventy five cents," Steve mutters. Entirely too put out that Hargrove is going to see some movie with some fucking girl. Some fucking girl that he might make out with in the back of the theater... Or might suck his dick in the backseat of his car... Or might hear Hargrove call them *gorgeous* in the same fucking way that he'd said it to Steve with his tongue up his *fucking asshole*,

Hargrove hands Steve a dollar and he quickly returns the change. He tries not to twitch when his fingers brush against Hargrove's own thicker ones. And he watches with bated breath as Hargrove picks up the cup of ice cream and spoons a mouthful in between his soft pink lips.

And Steve *knows* how fucking soft those lips are. He fucking *knows*.

Hargrove sucks the spoon for a moment as he continues to stare down Steve, and Steve can *definitely* feel his pants getting too tight now.

“ *Billy!* Come on!” the girl whines again, and snatches the cup of ice cream from the blond boy’s hands. Steve watches Hargrove’s eyes grow a bit darker, and he knows that look. That’s the look that made everyone aware of how *fucked* they were since Billy Hargrove was definitely not happy.

He expects Hargrove to tell the girl off, but instead he does something even more spiteful. Hargrove looks down at the girl, still holding her stupid hot dogs, and takes the ice cream back out of her hands. He turns and slides the cup of ice cream back in Steve’s direction across the counter.

“Guess I won’t be needing that anymore after all,” Hargrove says, voice heavy and ominous. The girl beside him simply stares in disbelief and a bit of offense. But before she can lay into Hargrove, the blonde boy give Steve one last look and turns on his heel, leaving his tag along (Steve refuses to call the girl Billy Hargrove’s *date*) to trail after him.

Steve watches them disappear into the mall’s frantic crowd again, swallowed whole by the shoppers. And he continues to stare for a long time, until he finally sighs and looks down at the creamy pink treat on the counter in front of him. The spoon Hargrove had sucked the first bite off of stuck into the top of the dessert.

Steve doesn’t even realize he’s scooped up his own mouthful using the same spoon and stuck it in his mouth until the strawberry flavor hits his tongue. He closes his eyes and savors the taste for a moment, trying his fucking damndest to see if he can taste Hargrove’s saliva underneath it. It should be fucking disgusting. But Steve doesn’t care. The burning need in the pit of his stomach to have something, *anything*, of Billy’s inside of him makes him want to do stupid things.

“Uh Steve? What the fuck are you doing?”

Steve drops the plastic spoon as if it was burning his fingers and opens his eyes to see Robin leaning against the counter with her arms crossed and a look of pure judgement on her face.

“Why are you eating Douche Lord’s ice cream?” she asks, eyebrows still raised.

"I - I wasn't eating Billy's... I mean... Wait. How did you know this was his?" Steve asks, going for the defense and turning the questions on Robin. The girl merely snorts and rolls her eyes.

"Please, you didn't think I'd actually leave you all alone, did you? I hid behind the water fountain. Duh. Saw the whole thing... And might I just say, that you have some *incredibly obvious* bedroom eyes, Stevie. Like *wow*. It's a miracle that Careless Whisper didn't start up as soon as you turned those babies on," Robin starts to giggle, and Steve feels his neck growing hotter under the collar. He feels caught out and exposed and opens his mouth to defend himself when Robin hops up on the counter and comes to the other side so she's standing in front of Steve.

Her petite hands grab his shoulders and he looks down at her, completely aware that his face most likely looks like a tomato.

"You absolute *perv*. You *like him*. Wait. You *like* him? Are you fucking insane?" Robin's voice increases to a screech and Steve claps his hand over her lips. She promptly licks the palm of his hand to get him to let go.

"You're disgusting," Steve hisses, wiping his hand on his shirt.

"*You're* one to talk! Sucking on a spoon that was in King of Douche Land's mouth! *Disgusting*. But also, give me all the details!" Robin claps her hands together and jumps up onto the counter, leaning forward and looking at Steve with large eyes rimmed with smudged black eyeliner.

Steve drops his head into his hand and rubs at his eyes.

"This is ridiculous," Steve mutters.

"Uhm. No. What's ridiculous is that it took me this long to realize that you liked dudes! This is a total revelation. Now we can *really* wingman for each other! This is a whole new world of possibilities!" Robin beams at him.

"Nope. No it is not. There will be no wing-manning. Understood?" Steve hisses. Robin merely rolls her eyes.

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever you say. Now let’s get back to the juicy stuff. Lay it on me, dingus, I can take it. Have you seen his dick yet? Wait, don’t tell me. I don’t want to imagine it, *blegh*,” Robin rambles on and Steve looks skyward, mentally wondering why the fuck all of his friends are so fucking weird.

“There’s honestly nothing to tell... Hargrove’s just a dick. He likes to fuck with me, that’s all,” Steve mutters, leaning against the back counter and crossing his arms over his chest. He feels a bit more protected standing that way, even though Robin isn’t even close to as threatening as Hargrove can be.

“Uhm, I don’t believe that for a second. Douche Lord was looking at you like *you* were a tastier option than the ice cream,” Robin replies quickly, nodding at the melting strawberry ice cream.

“Not true,” Steve counters, but he bites his lip and tries to stop the hopeful uptick in his heart at Robin’s words, “Hargrove’s a fucking man whore. He likes chicks.”

“Is that you talking, or is that the internalized Indiana borne homophobia talking?” Robin asks deadpan. Steve levels her with a scathing look. Ever since she came out to Steve, she knew that he wasn’t homophobic. Especially not after having been branded with Hargrove’s name on his heart. Who was he to judge who people could and couldn’t love?

“Right, okay, wrong choice of words,” Robin backtracks, “But seriously. How could you know that he isn’t into both? Or that he’s covering up his sexuality? Or some shit like that? Totally possible! Just because he’s you know... New King of Hawkins, all around ladies man, seducer of soccer moms, and douche Lord galore, doesn’t mean he can’t like dudes!”

Steve remembers the way Hargrove’s hands felt on his hips in the showers... Firm and unyielding, but not tight enough to cause real harm. Thinking back on it, he remembers the way that he seemed so intent on giving Steve pleasure. Not at all selfish in the way he’d always seemed with girls.

“Hello? Earth to dingus? You still in there?” Robin’s voice brings him

back from his memories. He looks at her and sighs. She's patiently waiting for an answer, or an argument, or *something* from Steve, and every ounce of fight goes out of him.

"Yeah. I'm here... Look I just don't want to talk about it right now, okay?" Steve says softly looking down at his shoes. He can feel Robin's eyes on his face, and when he glances back up he sees some kind of emotion on there like sadness and recognition. He looks away quickly. He doesn't want to be pitied. He doesn't want to be seen as the stupid homo that likes a guy he'll never have... Even though he *fucking is*.

"Alright, dingus. No worries. We'll talk another time, yeah?" Robin says softly and Steve just sighs in response. He knows he'll never be able to avoid her completely forever. Not that he wants to, considering she's the closest thing he has to a friend that isn't 13 years old... Glancing at the clock, Steve sees that it's almost a quarter to eight.

"Why don't you get out of here. It's only two hours until closing and I can do it," Steve offers. Usually letting one of them leave early is a magnanimous choice that leaves the other indebted to the person staying to close up alone. This time though, Steve just wants a moment of peace to wallow in the feelings that his conversation with Robin has dredge up. His throat feels tight, and his eyes feel scratchy, and he just wants to sit alone and feel miserable for a bit.

He feels Robin's hand cup his cheek and bring his head up from where he's staring down at his shoes. He watches as he scans his face, and the sick feeling of dread washed over him again. He knows that Robin sees so much more than he wants her too.

But instead of insisting she stay with him or - god forbid - having a heart to heart, she simply nods her head and pats his cheek softly.

"Sure thing Steve-O. Just don't forget to sweep under the freezers? And to put all the scoopers away properly. Oh and also-"

"Robin... I know how to close up alone," Steve mutters and she huffs a small laugh.

“Right. Of course you do. But I’ll see you tomorrow, yeah?” she asks, slowly backing towards the entrance of the parlour and away from Steve. Steve nods and waves her away. With an impish grin, she’s gone in a flash, and Steve is left completely alone with his thoughts once again.

~*~

The time seems to drag on slower than a herd of turtles in a pile of peanut butter.

Steve feels like he’s being tortured. He’s wiped down the counters three times, washed, dried, and appropriately stored the scoopers, swept the entire front of the parlor, under the freezers, and in the back, and he’s organized the ice creams alphabetically, then by color, and then finally by most similar in flavor. And still he has forty five minutes to go.

He’s watched as the food court has gone silent, and there are only a handful of stragglers left behind. All of the teenagers that are milking their curfew for all it’s worth. Not a single person has stepped foot into Scoops Ahoy for almost half an hour. And the person who had come in was an older woman that needed directions to the hot dog on a stick stand... which was in plain eyesight directly across the food court.

He was now sat behind the counter on one of the metal stools they kept laying around, and stared at the ceiling. He wondered if his boss has any security cameras that would rat him out if he left half an hour earlier than he was supposed to. He thinks that it just might be worth the risk instead of sitting around and wanting to bash his brains in. He had a joint sitting in his car that he planned to smoke before getting home, and a sad jerk off session he’d been planning all afternoon.

The amount of times he’d jerked off to the thought of Billy Hargrove’s face pressed between his ass cheeks had to be some kind of raunchy world record. His dick should have been stripped raw of skin by now... Of course, he used the *expensive* lube that his dad had left behind in his medicine cabinet one time, but that didn’t matter.

Steve blew out a sigh and tipped his head forward to check the clock again, when suddenly, his line of sight was filled with the broad shouldered, golden skinned boy of his dirtiest dreams. This time, sans annoying tag along.

Steve yelped and scrambled to get his feet on the floor before he fell completely off of the stool. Face flaming crimson at the display he'd made of himself in front of Hargrove, who was just standing on the other side of the counter and looking at him. Steve stood up and pushes his hair back with a shaking hand, breathing out as steadily as he can manage while trying to contain the gallop of his heart.

"How's it hanging, Harrington? You look like you're slacking off," Billy finally speaks, the smirk on his lips isn't quite as sharp as usual, but somehow it makes Steve feel more nervous.

"Just- uh... Just waiting to close... No one's been in for a while. I just... Cleaned?" Steve grimaces at the high pitch of his voice and coughs a little to try and cover it up. The stupidity he feels at speaking like a fucking moron is at an all time high.

"How... Was the movie?" Steve asks before he can stop himself. Hargrove rolls his eyes and takes a step forward to lean against the counter.

"Fucking sucked... Some kind of chick flick about a girl's dumb birthday or something. I don't know. Wasn't really paying attention to it, if you know what I mean," Hargrove licks his lips and Steve has to stop himself from launching his body over the counter to grab Hargrove and suck his tongue into his own mouth. Steve then registers Hargrove's words and fury burns through his veins.

Of course Hargrove wasn't paying attention to the movie... He probably was paying attention to whatever was between that stupid girl's thighs, and couldn't care about the plot.

Steve closes his eyes for a split second to get himself under control, and when he opens them, he sees that Hargrove is staring at him with an unreadable expression.

"Well, sounds fun. Come back to get ice cream for your date?" Steve

asks, desperately trying to steer the conversation into something that will get Hargrove to leave faster.

“What? No. I told her I was going to the bathroom. I’m heading out now, gotta make curfew and all that,” Hargrove says with a devilish look in his eyes and while Steve knows that he should feel bad for the girl that Hargrove is clearly abandoning, there’s a rush of pure pleasure that slips down his spine. Steve clenches his fists to stop himself from squirming happily in front of Hargrove.

“Right... Well then, have a good night?” Steve says it like a question. This new territory is something that he doesn’t know how to navigate. It was much easier to talk to Hargrove when it was all stinging insults and shoves and cussing each other out. Now? Steve can’t tell if Hargrove is a threat anymore... Not with what they did last week at the pool, and definitely not with how Hargrove is standing in front of Steve without a hint of animosity in his expression.

“Oh I plan on it... But first, wanna go for a smoke?” Hargrove asks, and Steve’s breath stops. He has to be losing his mind because he’s sure that he heard Billy Hargrove’s voice pitch into something like uncertainty. Although Hargrove’s face is entirely blank at the moment, and Steve can’t tell if it was his imagination or not.

“What? Right now?” Steve asks. He knows he must look shocked. Hargrove rolls his eyes and scoffs.

“Yeah, princess. Now. Like you got anything better to do?” Hargrove gestures around the empty ice cream parlour and the nearly deserted food court. Steve wrings his hands for a short moment. He weighs his options, and then he sees Hargrove’s face, and he *knows* that he isn’t imagining the slight look of worry on the other boy’s face. Like Hargrove is nervous that Steve is going to say no. And because his traitorous heart speeds up at the implication, he opens his mouth and speaks before he thinks better of it.

“True. Let me lock up first, and then we can go,” Steve says. He watches Billy’s face transform from slight nerves to the normal sharp smirk he always wears. And along with the excitement Steve feels, and also has a tingling sense of dread in his heart where it feels like

he's somehow the butt of a joke.

"I'll be waiting," Hargrove says simply, and struts back out of the parlour.

5. Part Five

Notes for the Chapter:

I don't even know how I'm posting within a week of the last update. Miracles truly do happen.

Thank you to all of the people that left comments and kudos. (Honestly, the motivation I needed) You guys are awesome and I really appreciate it!

Before we begin: There are more thorough warnings in the notes at the end of the chapter, nothing too heavy, but please check there first if you are wary about anything!

Disclaimer: As always, I don't own the Stranger Things universe or any of its characters. I'm just rolling joints with their weed. Also, I do not have a beta, so any mistakes made are my own.

Thank you so much for reading, I hope you enjoy!
-Pseudonyme

Part Five

With or Without You - U2

You Spin Me Round (Like a Record) - Dead or Alive

Steve blinks stupidly, watching the way that the other boy's jeans cling to his thick thighs and incredible ass as he walks away from him. Then he realizes he's supposed to be moving and he jets around the ice cream parlour, suddenly thankful for his earlier attempts at killing time because he only has to lock the back door, turn out the lights and lock the roll down gate over the front of the parlour.

When he's done he shoves his keys in his pocket, holding back a flinch at how dumb he must look in the full idiotic glory of his *Scoops*

uniform. He turns his eyes to Hargrove and finds the other boy staring at him.

“Well come on, princess. I told you, I have to make curfew on time,” Hargrove says with his shark smile and Steve just nods and starts walking towards the mall’s entrance.

It’s dead silent between them as they walk, and Steve begins to feel like he might have made a huge mistake. The name over his heart is burning so brightly now, that he looks down to make sure that it isn’t burning a hole through his shirt for the world to see. But there’s nothing that gives him away, and when he looks back up, he finds that Hargrove is staring at him intently as they walk.

“What?” Steve snaps, a bit nervous to curb the acid in his voice. He’s still not sure that this isn’t entirely a fucking dream. Because on what planet would Hargrove actually ask him to smoke with him? Maybe he’s fucking drugged...

“Don’t worry about it, pretty boy,” Hargrove snaps back, but Steve can see a smirk on his lips as the blonde boy averts his eyes. Steve just rolls his eyes, and tries not to focus on the swirling in his stomach. The last thing he fucking needs is to hurl chunks onto his unknowing soulmate. That would just be the icing on this very bizarre cake.

“Whatever,” Steve mutters, unwilling to let Hargrove have the last word, and he swears he hears a huff of laughter from the other boy, but Billy has moved ahead of him to the front doors of the mall and shoves them open.

When they step outside the air is oppressive and hot. Steve immediately breaks out into a sweat, feeling clammy and weird after being cooped up in a *literal* freezer for almost eight hours. He rubs his hands together and then shoves a hand into his hair.

“My car’s this way, princess,” Hargrove calls out, veering sharply to the left across the nearly empty parking lot. Steve breathes out, stuttering the air from his lungs and pinching himself on the hip as hard as he can.

Nope. Not a dream.... Although the possibility of being drugged is still not off the table.

He walks after the blonde boy, valiantly trying not to stare at the back of his stupidly perfect blonde head... What he wouldn't give to grab onto that hair... Maybe tug it a little...

"Harrington? Hello? Earth to King Steve?" Hargrove's mocking voice cuts Steve's thoughts short and Steve startles. His eyes focus again and he sees that Hargrove is leaning against the side of his '79 Camaro and Steve's mouth goes drier than the mother fucking Sahara desert.

This is a bad idea. Fucking terrible. Bad, bad idea. Probably the worst idea ever. Steve's thoughts are a loop of how monumentally horrible this situation is, but the way that Hargrove's muscled body is leaned against the body of the car, and the dangerous smile on his lips, and the way his fucking eyes are looking at Steve like he *isn't* the gunk on the bottom of his boots is hypnotizing. And Steve has always been a weak son of a bitch.

"Not getting cold feet, are you, pretty boy?" Hargrove asks, but Steve still isn't paying attention. His gaze now fixed on the way Billy's fingers loosely hold a cigarette between them, bringing it up to those plush lips, like it's in fucking slow motion. Steve feels himself twitch again in his dumbass shorts, but can't bring himself to care as Billy's lips part, and the cigarette hangs on his bottom lip, a silver lighter brought up with a flare of light. Steve's mouth parts on a fucking *sigh* as he watches Billy inhale, take the cigarette away from his mouth, and blow out a cloud of smoke.

Steve feels like a cloud of smoke himself. Like he's about to be blown away, but if it was done by that mouth, he knows he wouldn't care even a little bit.

Hargrove arches an eyebrow, and Steve realizes he's been staring at the boy like a fucking moron. Probably drooling. A flash of panic ignites his body as he thinks about Hargrove figuring out anything about Steve's feelings... Although that might not be possible because Steve doesn't even know what he's really feeling at the moment. It's all a big jumble of soulmates, and wanting those lips parted around

his dick, and wanting to sink his teeth into the meat of Hargrove's stupidly broad shoulders...

"I'm fine... All good. Can I have some?" Steve spits the words out on a single breath, sounding more and more like an idiot with every passing second. He winces at the thought of Hargrove sending him away, and his mark throbs slightly. But Hargrove doesn't do anything, beside shift a bit, arch an eyebrow and hold the cigarette out for Steve.

With a barely concealed sigh of relief, Steve reaches out with trembling fingers and takes the cigarette from Billy's fingers. As he breathes in the acrid smoke, he tries to calm himself down.

It doesn't work. He takes another drag, and this time he *knows* he hears a bit of laughter from the other boy. Steve feels his stomach clench at the sound. His eyes meeting Hargrove's and he can see the humor in them, although the dark edge the boy always carries is in them still too.

"You look like a man on death row, princess. What could King Steve possibly be that stressed about?" Hargrove asks. The way he says it though, makes it sound like he doesn't expect Steve to answer. Steve is quiet for a long moment, staring at the cherry red end of the burning cigarette and then looks back at Hargrove with a shrug.

"Nothing, I guess," he mutters. He watches as a small frown pulls at Billy's lips, but it's gone in an instant. Steve doesn't dare say anything about the slimy bodies of demodogs, or the chilling howls, or the hundreds of rows of pointy teeth in a flower like jaw.

"Yeah, right. You're a terrible liar, pretty boy. But I won't push it," Hargrove says, and snatches the cigarette from Steve's fingers in a flash.

"That would be a first for you I'm sure, Hargrove," Steve sneers. The panic he feels from being called out is clawing at his throat, and he can feel the corners of his eyes prickling with heat. He begs every God there is to not let him cry in front of Billy *fucking* Hargrove during their first conversation that didn't involve straight insults. Steve expects Hargrove to snap back at him, maybe shove him to the

ground and leave him in the dust, but instead he breathes out an amused laugh. Steve stares at him as the blonde takes another drag.

“People change, Harrington... You of all people should know that,” Hargrove replies.

“Not that quickly. Not... Not like that,” Steve mutters. Flashes of Hargrove’s fists meeting Steve’s face are bright in his mind... But so are the flashes of those cerulean blue eyes looking up at Steve from the shower floor.

For a moment Steve feels dizzy with confusion. Maybe it’s the nicotine straight to his system. Maybe it’s the fact that he hasn’t eaten anything today except for that spoonful of Hargrove’s strawberry ice cream. Maybe it’s the way that Hargrove is looking at him like he can *see* him.

“Well then tell me what really happened between you and Wheeler... Because I might be new in this god forsaken piece of shit hick town, but even I can tell when shit doesn’t add up,” Hargrove says, holding out the cigarette again. It’s almost down to the butt, and Steve suddenly remembers the weed in his car. Because if he’s going to have a fucking *real* conversation with Billy Hargrove, he might as well be high out of his mind.

“Hold on,” Steve mutters under his breath and turns to walk to his car.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Hargrove calls, his voice has a sharp edge to it now. If Steve didn’t know any better, he’d say it was panic. But he does know better, and he knows that Hargrove just doesn’t like when people turn their backs on him.

“I’m just getting something from my car, come with me if you want,” Steve says over his shoulder, but keeps walking. He can barely hear anything over his nervous breaths or the fast drumming of his heart, but he hopes against all hope that Hargrove doesn’t just ditch him.

Three aisles away from where Billy is parked sits Steve’s beemer. He opens the passenger side and leans in, opening the glove compartment and pulling out the plastic baggie with several pre-

rolled joints. He takes one out and turns around, almost startled that Hargrove is actually standing behind him. That Hargrove actually *listened* to Steve and followed him to his car.

“Here,” Steve says and holds out the joint between them. Like some kinds of fucking peace offering. As if peace could ever be something Billy Hargrove could achieve.

For a second it’s silent, and then Hargrove begins to laugh. Not just an amused huff, but a full on loud guffaw, and suddenly Steve feels two inches tall and like a little kid at the butt of a bad joke.

“What the fuck is your problem?” Steve spits out, a bitter taste in his mouth and trying to ignore the plummeting of his heart into his stomach. Trying not to think of how red his face is from embarrassment. To have Billy Hargrove be an asshole to him is one thing; a very manageable thing, in Steve’s opinion. But to have Billy Hargrove be almost normal with him, and then laugh in his face like Steve is a punchline is something that he doesn’t think he can handle at all.

Hargrove’s laughter dies down, and Steve is rolling his eyes, turning to walk towards the driver’s side of the car and go the fuck home. Just as he takes the first step he feels a firm grip around his wrist and he stops dead. The thick fingers around his wrist are warm and the memory of those fingers digging into Steve’s hips... ass cheeks... the tip of one just a bit inside of him...

“C’mon pretty boy, don’t go sour on me,” Hargrove’s voice is tight now. Not a trace of laughter to be found. Steve turns back and eyes the blonde boy, whose fingers are still wrapped around Steve’s wrist. Holding it almost tenderly. Like Steve will break if he holds on too tight. Steve wants to throw his body against Billy’s and drown himself in the warmth he can feel on the other boy’s skin.

“What the fuck is so funny then?” Steve asks, not daring to pull away. It’s a dangerous game of chicken he’s playing, but really, what’s the worst that could happen to him at this point?

“Just you thinking that backwoods Indiana shit skunk weed is something special,” Hargrove snarks back. And Steve lets out a breath

of relief that Hargrove wasn't truly laughing at him. His breath turns into a laugh as he looks up at the inky, summer night sky.

"Well, it's not like I've got anything better. I can just save it for myself, if it's too fucking terrible for the new King of Hawkinds to take part in," Steve says, bringing his gaze back to meet Billy's. And he fucking swears, in the dim light of the parking lot street lamps he sees a genuine fucking smile flit across Billy's face.

Steve tries, and barely succeeds at holding in his own whoop of excitement. The way his heart flutters like a caged bird beneath the other boy's name is enough for him to handle at the moment.

"Yeah right, give it here, princess," Billy says.

"But it's my weed," Steve argues and realizes that Billy's fingers are still wrapped around his wrist. The thumb so gently tracing back and forth against his pulse point that it could just be his imagination, but now that Steve has noticed it's like a fire is lit under his skin where Billy's thumb is pressing.

"Yeah, and I've got the lighter," Billy argues back. It's a flimsy argument, but Steve merely rolled his eyes and hands over the joint. He feels bereft as Billy's fingers let go of Steve's wrist in order to take the joint and light it with practiced ease. Steve feels as though he's in a tunnel, and at the end of it is the vision of his stupid fucking soulmate, lifting the burning joint up and taking a slow drag.

Steve used to throw a bitch fit with Tommy H. would take the first hit of Steve's j's, but he can't muster up any anger. Especially not when Billy tips his head back and exposes the long line of his thick neck, eyes closed in bliss as the sweetly acrid smoke is exhaled through plush lips towards the heavy summer sky. Steve's own breath hitches as Billy brings his head back down and opens those bright blue eyes.

"Your turn, pretty boy," Billy says. The words coming out of his are low, almost like Billy is telling Steve a secret. Steve nods jerkily and twitches his fingers up to take the joint, but his hand is interrupted by Billy's own, not letting Steve reach for the joint. Steve's eyebrows pull together in confusion and he opens his mouth to let Hargrove

know that he's a shithead if he thinks that he can keep all of Steve's "backwood Indiana shit skunkweed" to himself.

But he doesn't get the chance.

Because in slow fucking motion, he watches as Hargrove takes another huge drag off of the joint and holds the smoke in his mouth. Billy wraps his free hand in the soft material of Steve's dumbass sailor costume, and the blonde takes a half a step closer.

Steve knows that he must be dreaming. Drowning. Dying?

Anything other than what's actually happening.

He watches Hargrove's eyes flit around Steve's face, and then he's leaning his in, closer and closer to Steve's. Until their noses touch, and Steve feels Hargrove's lips barely brush against his own. Steve's mouth opens wider on a surprised gasp, and his eyes droop closed as Hargrove fucking shotguns the smoke into his mouth.

Steve's heart is galloping like a stampede in his chest, under this stupid boy's name that is so boldly written on his skin. He feels like he's going to explode out of his own body, the heat of Billy's body barely six inches from his own makes him want to burrow his way into Billy's body and stay there like a fucking parasite. He'd make a home out of Billy, and never leave again.

He knows that he's probably wasting most of the smoke that Billy breathes into him, but Steve finds that he couldn't care less. As he exhales the mouthful of secondhand smoke, he swears that he can taste strawberry ice cream from Billy's breathe. That thought is more intoxicating than the swimming feeling he feels from the weed.

They stay like that for a long moment. Steve dares not to open his eyes. Too afraid he'll find laughter in Billy's eyes again. He's not sure if he could handle being the butt of this particular joke. There's no more smoke left between them. Only the barely there brush of Hargrove's lips against Steve's own. Just enough that Steve could surge forward and press his own to Billy's. He's felt the blonde boy kiss him before, but this time he wants to kiss back.

He wants, he wants, he wants.

“Steve,” Hargrove says his name like it’s a curse and a prayer all at once.

Steve opens his eyes in surprise at the sound of Billy’s voice, and finds that Billy is not laughing at him. Not even close.

The blonde boy is staring at him with wide eyes and an expression like Billy is seeing the sun for the first time. Steve wants to wrap his arms around the broad shoulders encased in leather and breathe in the scent of Billy’s skin. Wants to lick the side of his throat and dig his teeth into the pulse point under his jaw. Wants to lay a mark on Billy. His mark. His name. His-

Suddenly there’s a huge bang from behind them.

Billy lets go so quickly that Steve falls back against the side of his car, like a puppet with its strings cut. Both of them look back and find a swell of people flooding out from the mall, all of them whooping and hollering. Completely unaware of the life altering moment that one, Billy Hargrove had just shared with Steve Harrington.

Steve cuts his eyes back to Billy, who is glaring down at the ground and greedily sucking on the joint which is burned nearly down to a stub.

“Movie must have let out,” Steve says dumbly. His heart, which had been flying just a moment ago is heavy like lead in his chest. A bird stuck in a tar pit, all pitifully flapping but knowing that it will never make it into the sky again.

“Yeah, right. Look, Harrington, this shit can’t happen again, alright,” Hargrove spits the words out. Steve watches as Billy draws himself up and settles his shoulders back again. He pitches the dead joint onto the ground and crushes it under his boot. It’s as if Steve is watching Billy build a wall right in front of him.

“I didn’t... I mean, there wasn’t... I don’t?” Steve can hardly get a coherent sentence out. He wonders if this crushing, sinking, burning alive feeling is what all those girls felt like when Steve gave them the

same schtick.

“Yeah, you were. I’m not into guys. Not a fucking faggot, alright? What happened last week wasn’t fucking real. And if you fucking tell anyone about it, I’ll break your face... *Again.*” Hargrove sneers the last word like it’s venom, and Steve flinches from it. Billy’s name on his chest aches almost as bad as his heart beneath it.

“You fucking hear me, Harrington? Leave it the fuck alone, and stay out of my fucking way,” Hargrove says again. Steve doesn’t respond. Can’t fucking speak a word. It feels like he’s water circling a drain, being pulled deeper and deeper around, inevitable until there’s nothing left of him.

Instead he nods, just barely. He can’t meet Hargrove’s eyes again. Not after what just happened. Not after the shotgunning. Or Billy’s acidic words afterward.

Hargrove stands there in front of him for another long minute. The crowd of people going to their cars disperses a bit, and the sound of their chattering dies out. But Steve doesn’t move, doesn’t look up from where his gaze is trained on the dead joint on the ground between them.

“Whatever, Harrington,” Hargrove says finally, the words are a clear dismissal, and Steve vaguely hears Billy start to walk away from him.

He’s not sure how long he stands there. He hears the slamming of car doors, and the humming of the street lamps. He hears the heavy purr of a chevy Camaro and the blaring of loud rock music, until it disappears into the night.

All he can see is the dead joint on the ground in front of him. His hands are clammy and his chest feels like a rock is sitting on it. There’s more than just a stinging in his eyes, and when he reaches up, his fingers come away from his cheeks wet.

The high of the weed is barely in his brain anymore, but he still feels like he’s spinning.

Spinning out of control, faster and faster, and the world blurs entirely.

“Hey kid!” a voice yells out and Steve flinches so hard that his head smacks back against the car. He looks up and sees a security guard near the front doors of the mall. “Mall is closed for the night, get a move on!” the guard calls out gruffly.

Steve nods and stumbles his way around to the drivers side. He shoves his keys in the ignition and starts to drive, without paying any attention at all to where he’s going.

The world is still spinning around him and all Steve can focus on is the dead weight in his chest.

He cries the whole way home.

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings:

Recreational drug use

Shotgunning

Homophobic language

6. Part Six

Notes for the Chapter:

Well, well, well...

It's been a little while, hasn't it? Sometimes life happens, and sometimes you don't get around to posting for a few months, amirite? (hah). Okay but seriously, my bad guys. All I can do is reiterate that I Do have plans to finish this story, and though it might take a bit, it will get done.

In other news, thank you so much for the appreciation that you guys leave on this story. I love all of the comments and knowing that people are enjoying this story is so encouraging. Feel free to leave a comment or kudos if you're new, and thank you again!

As always, there are more warnings in the End Notes if you're curious. Nothing too bad, but please check them if you feel wary about anything!

Disclaimer: I don't own the Stranger Things universe or any of its characters, I'm just painting a picture using their palette! Also, I still don't have a beta, so any and all mistakes in this work are my own.

Thank you so much for reading, and enjoy!
-Psuedonyme

Part Six

The Safety Dance - Men Without Hats

Dancing in the Dark - Bruce Springsteen

The day after the “*Incident*” as Steve has so lovingly calls it in his mind, (as if it wasn't a terrifying, embarrassing, heartbreaking

situation that left Steve feeling like a shell), is Steve's day off from Scoops.

Usually on his days off, he takes the kids to the pool, or the arcade, or he'll lay outside by his own pool and smoke some weed and think about Billy Hargrove's face buried in his ass.

But apparently that didn't happen.

So today, Steve is laying in his bed. Eyes heavy and puffy from crying (which he will never admit to), over a fucking boy like some kind of pussy on prom night. Of course... It wasn't *just a boy*, Steve's traitorous mind whispered to him while his heart beat sluggish and sad in his chest.

Soul. Mate.

Soul. Mate.

Soul. Mate.

Every breath was difficult, and Steve simultaneously felt like screaming until his voice broke, and whimpering like a kicked puppy. He wanted to rage and rip and punch Billy Hargrove's stupid handsome face in until his knuckles were bloody and the California King knew the kind of pain that Steve was dealing with. And yet... He wanted to relive that moment from just twelve hours ago, (had it only been twelve? It felt like an eternity). Wanted to live in the heat that Hargrove's body gave off, with the feeling of the boy's breath in his mouth. Breathing life, and intimacy, and fucking smoke into his lungs. Wanted to go back in time and grip Hargrove's stupid unbuttoned shirt and yank him into his own body until they were pressed seamlessly together, their lips moving together and... and...

Steve's breath hitched.

Another round of tears.

The last time he'd cried like this was after Nancy Wheeler had told him he was bullshit. That everything he'd done was bullshit. Everything he did would be bullshit.

He'd cried because he'd thought she was wrong.

Maybe she'd been right all along.

Because what could be more *bullshit* than having the name of a *boy* on his skin. Not just a boy, but one that would never be his. Not in the eyes of Hargrove, and not in the eyes of the world.

He'd been to church with his parents, and the priest would talk about the beauty of a soulmate relationship between a man and a woman, and that everything else was a sin. He'd sat in his living room and heard his father mutter about "fucking faggots" as the news aired a story about the HIV/AIDS crisis. He'd sat with Tommy H. at lunch and heard him whisper about Buyers being a pervert and a secret cocksucker, while Carol laughed in disgust.

And Steve had never given much thought to it. Being gay was a sin, dirty, disgusting, and unacceptable. Steve had grown up with the idea that his soulmate would be a beautiful girl that would have beautiful babies with him. There was never anything else that could *possibly* happen. Because nothing else was acceptable.

He'd never imagined that people got someone as their soulmate that they *couldn't* be with.

He'd never imagined that *he* would have a soulmate that he *couldn't* be with.

And then Billy *fucking* Hargrove happened. And he was so fucking fucked it wasn't funny.

At least before the pool, before the parking lot, Steve could have found a way to be happy. Could have ignored the name on his heart, the dead giveaway that he was doomed from the start. Could have covered it up, and pretended that Billy Hargrove was and would always be a piece of shit that had beaten him half to death. Ignored his stupid fucking hair, and dumb ass broad shoulders, and ridiculous penchant for bad behavior.

But no.

Shit happened.

No matter what Billy Hargrove had to say about it.

Shit happened.

And now Steve was left to deal with the fallout. The feeling of getting left behind by someone that didn't know he was trying to tag along. Steve had never been afraid of being the pervert, or the faggot, or the disgusting boy that lusted after another boy.

He still wasn't afraid. He was just heartbroken.

So as he lay there, on his bed, with his hand covering the neat black letters over his heart, and fat tears rolling down his temples and soaking into his hair, Steve knew what he had to do.

He had to throw a mother fucking party.

*

It was embarrassingly easy when it came down to it.

Despite the fact that Steve had lost any of his "social status" at Hawkins High, and that he was no longer King of Hawkins, it was stupid easy to convince people to come to his house. People flocked to money and the Harrington household was never short on that.

Tommy H. was always a reliable source, no matter how easily he changed sides. Steve knew that Tommy H. still worshipped the ground that Hargrove walked on, but that didn't seem to matter when Steve called him and told him to invite every person he knew to Steve's house. Told him that it would be a party unlike any other.

Steve didn't even care that Tommy H. would go above and beyond, and most likely invite the type of unsavory people that Steve no longer cared to associate with. It was a distraction. A very welcome one at that.

Another embarrassingly easy thing to do was buy alcohol.

Steve had showered, thrown on his tightest pair of khakis and shoved some sunglasses on his face. He looked every inch the "old" Steve Harrington, if a bit skinnier now, and he'd had zero trouble

convincing the old woman at the counter that he was in charge of buying liquor for his mother's birthday. He flashed his father's name around town plenty of times, and no matter what, it never ceased to work. Steve had loaded an ungodly amount of alcohol back into his car, and while plenty of people had passed him while he'd done so, not a single person had stopped him.

They all waved and smiled and probably thought, *There's the Harrington boy. What a good boy.*

If they only fucking knew what name he had branded over his heart. They'd change their tune in an instant.

Oh, the Harrington boy? That faggot? That boy that has a male soulmate? Fucking pervert.

Yeah. The power in a name is incredible.

Any name at all.

So Steve just pushes it out of his mind.

He calls Robin before she leaves for her Scoops shift, and he almost regrets it when he hears the disappointment in her voice. More disappointment than he's ever heard from his own mother.

"You're throwing a party? You, Steve *The Hair* Harrington, are throwing a party? Have you lost your fucking mind? What is wrong with you? Are you sick?" Robin nearly screeches over the phone.

Steve has to hold the receiver away from his ear as she does.

"No, I am not sick. I have a day off tomorrow too and I wanted to drink with my... friends?" the last word is a question.

"Your friends," Robin deadpans.

"Yes my friends! I do have friends," Steve snaps.

"Yeah, that are all under the age of fifteen. Try again, dingus," Robin replies. Steve pinches the bridge of his nose and rolls his eyes skyward. Why did he call Robin?

“Look. You don’t have to come if you don’t want to, but I figured I’d offer the fucking invite,” Steve says. It sounds bitchy, even to Steve, but damn if Robin can’t read him like a fucking book.

“I won’t be there until after work. Don’t do anything too stupid,” Robin says finally. Steve lets out a breath of relief that he wasn’t aware he was holding.

“Thank you,” he finds himself saying sincerely. He hadn’t realized how badly he’d wanted Robin to show up until she’d actually agreed.

“Yeah whatever... Is Douche Lord going to be there?” she asks. Her tone is going for nonchalant, but Steve can see right through it.

“I don’t know. And if he does show up, why should I fucking care?” he says. He doesn’t acknowledge the way his voice cracks a bit and the way his eyes begin to sting again behind his sunglasses that he still hasn’t taken off.

The other end of the line is silent for a long time.

“I’ll be there as soon as I can, okay?” Robin says finally. Her voice is soft. The same tone of voice she used when she’d explained her crush on Tammy fucking Thompson. And all at once Steve feels like this was a huge mistake and all he wants to do is curl up in bed and cry his fucking hardest.

“Yeah, okay,” Steve replies, and then Robin says goodbye and hangs up.

Steve stands there and listens to the dial tone for far longer than he means to.

He’d almost forgotten that Robin is in the same boat as him. He hadn’t seen the name that she hid so well on her shoulder. But Steve realized that she was just as much of a despicable pervert as him apparently.

For some reason the thought makes him both a lot more sad, and also a bit stronger. He stands up straight and puts the receiver back down on the hook. He stands and looks at his empty house, feeling bereft and empowered in the same moment. With a deep breath he begins

the process of picking up and hiding every expensive family item that would get his parents pissed if they broke or went missing.

His parents don't give a shit about anything half as much as they do about keeping up the appearance of how much money they have.

Even if Steve got busted for throwing a party, they'd brush it off and tell him to lay low for a while. Chalk it up to a boy just being a boy. Especially their boy. Their sweet, perfect, beautiful boy.

But God forbid if the lamp that his father bought in Milan was broken, then all hell would break loose.

Steve checks his watch and sees he has six hours before he told Tommy H. people could come over. Knowing Tommy H. he probably only has five hours. The boy always was eager to start drinking and making an ass out of himself.

He tucks away more of the expensive items in his house, and lays out all of the alcohol in the kitchen.

Then he goes to find some of his mother's de-puffing eye cream in her medicine cabinet. He thanks his lucky stars that his mom cries as much as she does and has to hide it so well. He doesn't think he could handle it if anyone asked him why he looked like he'd been crying.

Because Steve Harrington doesn't cry.

He has nothing to cry over.

Because *nothing fucking happened*.

._*._

It takes barely an hour for Steve's house to be filled to the brim.

He's seen only a handful of people that he knows, and the rest of them are just a blur.

Music is blasting from the sound system in his living room, and the throng of bodies packed in tightly is enough to make the house

stifling, despite the fact that Steve has turned on every AC unit they have.

The pool is filled too. People in bathing suits, or just their underwear are splashing and screaming as it gets darker and darker outside. Cups are pushed over and vodka is spilling into the chlorine filled water. Steve has seen people making out on the sofa, in dark corners of the hallway, under the stairs. He realizes that he forgot to lock his parents or his own bedroom doors, then he realizes he doesn't care. Why should he care about anything at this point?

Nancy Wheeler was right.

He's fucking bullshit.

He stands in the kitchen with his hand wrapped around the neck of a bottle of whiskey. He's been taking slow sips from it since people started showing up. Leaning against the counter in a pair of tight, dark jeans and a red t-shirt. The fabric thick enough to hide his worst secret from the rest of the world, though never enough to keep it far from his own mind.

Despite the fact that his mother's eye cream worked like a charm, he hasn't taken off his sunglasses either. It feels like a barrier of protection. Keeps him from seeing the world as it really is around him. Maybe that's the whiskey talking, or his mind trying to help him from breaking down in front of strangers. But no one questions it, because he's letting these strangers use his house and his booze. Letting them use *him* for their own twisted pleasures on a sticky summer night.

So he keeps sipping his whiskey and staying silent for the most part. He'll say hello to people he recognizes, and point the strangers in the direction of the bathroom, but he keeps to himself. Watching the crowd and trying to ignore the gaping black hole deep in his chest.

It's not until he feels a hand on his arm that he startles out of his own wallowing. He looks up and sees Robin beside him.

She's changed out of her scoops uniform and is wearing black jean shorts and a leopard shirt. Steve can't help but notice that she looks

worried. He realizes that it has to be late if Robin is already at the party. Scoops closes at 10. It would take her at least a half an hour to get changed and come to his place. Holy shit, how much time has passed?

"You came," Steve slurs out the words. He's not drunk, but he's getting there.

"Of course I did, you dingus. I told you I would," she says in a hushed voice, like they're sharing a secret.

Steve has a secret. He remembers now what a bad secret it is.

"Holy shit, Robin. I'm so fucked up," Steve mutters. He isn't sure if he's referring to the horrible secret, or whiskey on his breath.

"Yeah, I can tell," Robin replies, but she doesn't sound happy. She sounds sad.

"Why are you so sad? It's a party!" Steve says loudly. "It's a mother fucking party!"

The crowd of people yell happily in return to his words, and Steve forces a smile onto his face. He looks back at Robin who is frowning more intensely at him than before.

"Stop looking like a sour puss. You're going to bring me down," Steve huffs, lifting the bottle of whiskey up to his face again and taking a long drag.

"Steve-" Robin starts, but then stops suddenly. Steve looks at her and sees she isn't looking at him anymore. He wobbles a bit as he turns to follow her line of sight and finds his own eyes landing on the electric blue gaze of Billy Hargrove.

Because *of course* he would show up to Steve's party.

The blonde boy couldn't ever pass up the opportunity to be the center of attention at an event like this. Tommy H. had probably called him *first*. Why hadn't Steve even thought of that as a possibility? Why had he thought this was a good idea in the first place?

“What the fuck is wrong with me?” are the words that come out of Steve’s mouth as he stares at his stupid fucking soulmate.

Dressed to fucking kill. Black boots, tight jeans, and a white shirt with the sleeves cut off. A glint in his eyes that Steve thinks might be dangerous, but he’s so far gone on liquor that he can’t focus on it long enough.

“Steve, let’s get you upstairs, okay? I’ll take care of all these people, but let’s get you into bed maybe?” Robin says into his ear, her hand is tight on his arm. He looks back at her and shakes his head. It makes him dizzy.

“No! No, I want to stay. It’s my fucking party, and I’m staying right here,” Steve says. He thinks he might sound like a particularly stubborn toddler, but he doesn’t care. Because the old Steve Harrington did whatever the fuck he wanted to. He wasn’t scared of Billy *fucking* Hargrove.

“Or his stupid jeans,” Steve mutters.

“What did you say?” Robin asks.

“Nothing. I said nothing,” Steve replies, words bleeding together as he turns his head back towards the crowd and finds that Hargrove is gone. Dragged into the mass of sweaty bodies in Steve’s home.

Steve wonders if Hargrove has gone to find a girl. Probably.

Someone that he actually can be with. Someone that isn’t a freak, or a pervert, or a fucking faggot.

Someone that isn’t Steve. Will never be Steve.

Steve takes another drink and pushes through the feeling of wanting to gag. The liquor burns his throat and he tells himself that’s why tears spring to his eyes. But he still stands there and drinks from the bottle. He watches Robin grab a can of beer and start to sip on it while she stands next to Steve. It’s a silent kind of solidarity, and Steve has seen more than one pair of eyes drift over to them. Looking at them with incredulity, or maybe pity?

Like they're freaks. Which they are.

Two peas in a little fucked up pod.

Names on their skin of people they can never fully be with, finding comfort in each other without saying a goddamn word.

It isn't until Tommy H. staggers his way into the kitchen and his eyes fall on them that it becomes a problem. Steve knows that when Tommy gets drunk he can never keep his mouth shut. And all of the shit that his dumbass is thinking comes out of said mouth. This time is no exception.

"Great fucking party, Steve. Really fucking great. Can't imagine why you let in this dyke though?" Tommy slurs his words so bad that Steve almost feels sorry for him. He feels Robin straighten up next to him and she twitches as Tommy speaks.

"The fuck did you just say?" Steve asks, his hand tightening on the bottle. Tommy doesn't seem to hear the threat in Steve's voice.

"Leave it, Steve," Robin whispers, but Steve is so far past listening.

"I mean. Don't you think it's weird? Not a single boyfriend in highschool? Barely any friends? Keeps to herself way too much. Obviously she's a fucking dyke, what else could she be?" Tommy asks, and then devolves into drunken laughter. A few people nearby hear his assessment and are now staring at Robin with smirks on their faces.

"Shut the fuck up, man," Steve bites out. Robin's hand tightens even more around his arm.

Tommy stops laughing and focuses his drunken bug eyes on Steve. A nasty look comes over his face.

"What? She your fucking girl now? Can't pull anyone else, so you go for the lesbos now? How the mighty really have fucking fallen, huh Steve? Even that freak Buyers is better than you." Tommy sneers, and a few people begin to laugh in the kitchen.

Steve doesn't think. Doesn't imagine the consequences. All he sees is

red.

And the feeling of his fist crunching the bones of Tommy H's stupid fucking face is the most satisfying feeling in the world.

Dimly, Steve hears a girl scream, and a few people are shouting. But he doesn't fucking care. He throws his body down on Tommy's and is swinging his fist into his face as hard as he fucking can. The drunk boy beneath him is too stunned to move or fight back. It's pitifully easy to keep hitting him as hard as he can.

And then he isn't on top of Tommy anymore. He's hauled upward by an unyielding force, and he's too shitfaced to do anything but submit to it. His eyes are trained on Tommy H. writhing on the floor in pain, holding his bleeding nose and sporting two black eyes. Steve is filled to the brim with satisfaction that Tommy H. will be in pain for at least a few weeks to come. He has no room left in his drunken brain to think about anything else.

The immovable force is then dragging him away through the enormous group of people towards the stairs. He hears a familiar voice shouting.

"-the fuck out of here. Now! I don't want a single one of you fuckers left here in the next five minutes. You fucking understand me?"

It's Hargrove. He's yelling?

Confusion overtakes Steve as he's hauled up the stairs, but he watches as a flood of people leave his house through the front door. Like a fucking river of people. How many people were at his house? And why is Hargrove yelling? What time is it? Where's Robin?

"Shut the fuck up, Harrington. Just shut the fuck up," Hargrove growls in his ear, and Steve *does* shut the fuck up. Mostly because he simply cannot comprehend what is going on. Is this a dream? It has to be a dream. There's no way this is happening.

Steve is shoved into a room and the light that's turned on is so bright that Steve covers his eyes with his hands. Finally he sees that he's in the guest bathroom on the second floor. The pink and yellow tiling

behind the sink is the giveaway.

“Come on, pretty boy. We’re not leaving until you puke all that shit up,” Hargrove’s voice startles him, and Steve looks into the mirror above the sink and sees the other boy standing behind him. There’s a fire in the boy’s blue eyes and sweat on Hargrove’s temples. Steve wants to lick it off. Wants to run his hands through the boy’s tangled hair and suck on his neck and-

There’s a lipstick stain on the collar of Hargrove’s white cutoff t-shirt.

It’s red. Red like blood. Red like the inside of a demon’s mouth. With rows and rows of sharp teeth.

Steve lurches for the toilet. Thank god the seat was up.

His stomach heaves as all of the whiskey he’d drank comes up in one spectacular moment.

There’s a hand on his waist keeping him steady. There’s another in his hair, running fingers through the strands while soft words are spoken. Way too soft to make out what is really being said. Too soft to be anything that Billy Hargrove is really saying.

Steve begins to dry heave and then lays his cheek on the toilet seat. Uncaring of how disgusting it really is. Finally he stills and there is a ringing in his ears. His mouth is disgusting, and all he can smell is sour bile and whiskey. It makes him want to vomit again.

The worst part about it though is the fact that his head is clearer than it has been all night. He knows he is still drunk, but he can feel his thoughts creeping back in. Can feel his hackles rising again.

He sits up abruptly, and dislodges the two hands on him. He reaches back and shoves Hargrove away from him as hard as he can. There’s a thump and Steve turns to see Hargrove on his ass, looking at Steve with a wild mixture of fury and disbelief.

“Don’t fucking touch me, asshole,” Steve spits at him. He stands up and falters slightly, but leans over the sink and rinses out his mouth with mouthwash that sits beside it in a clear glass bottle. As he

straightens he sees in the mirror that Hargrove is getting back to his feet, notes that his hands are clenched into fists and that *stupid fucking stain* is still on the collar of his shirt.

"I did you a fucking favor, Harrington," Hargrove hisses at him. Steve scoffs and turns around to face the other boy. Crosses his arms and ignores the fire burning in his stomach.

"Yeah, some fucking favor. I had my shit handled," Steve snaps.

"Clearly. Beating the ever loving shit out of Tommy in front of a thousand witnesses? Fucking seemed handled to me. Everyone and their mother trashing the fuck out of your house while you fucking *stood* there like an idiot? Real fucking solid plan you had!" Hargrove growls back. Steve sees the warning flashing in the boy's blue eyes, sees the danger in the sharp sneer on Billy's face. He doesn't care. Doesn't care about anything anymore.

"Why the fuck would you care anyway? He fucking deserved it, and I can take care of my fucking self," Steve snarls.

"Oh! Of course! Fucking *princess* Harrington can take care of himself, *obviously* !" Hargrove yells, sarcasm heavy through every word. It makes Steve seethe inside.

"Shut the fuck up! Just shut up! I don't need you of all fucking people to take care of me! It's not fucking real, remember? It's all just fucking *bullshit* !" Steve screams, reaching out to shove at Hargrove again. Hargrove catches his wrists and throws them back at Steve. Steve stumbles back into the sink, and it only makes him more angry.

"Harrington, you better shut your fucking mouth before I shut it for you," Hargrove gets the words out through gritted teeth. Steve steps back into Hargrove's space. They're almost the same height, but for some reason Hargrove always seems bigger than him. More than him.

"Or what? You going to tell everyone what a fucking faggot I am? Fucking fairy princess Harrington. I'm sure you and Tommy and everyone else in Hawkins would love to fucking laugh over that one,

right? Well I don't give a shit! Go ahead and fucking tell everyone. Save your own fucking skin, but just fucking remember that I *know* it was real. I fucking *know it was*, " Steve jabs a finger into Hargrove's built chest, and glares at the blonde boy. He can feel tears threatening to spill, whether from anger or devastation, Steve isn't sure.

But as those words leave his mouth, the fight seems to leave his body as well.

All of a sudden, he's fucking tired.

He's tired of his thoughts swarming in his head like wasps. Thinking of every scenario of "What If". Playing the game that he might be normal again if he just tries hard enough and buries his feelings far enough. He's fucking tired of it all.

With a long breath, Steve falls back to lean against the sink again. His arms hand loose by his side and he stares at the ground.

"Just get the fuck out of my house, Hargrove," Steve whispers. He knows that watching Hargrove walk away from him again will hurt more than anything. But he also knows that nothing is going to change.

Billy Hargrove will never fucking want him.

"Fucking Christ, you really are a piece of work, aren't you Harrington?" Hargrove says.

Steve lifts his face to tell Hargrove to fuck off *for real*, but he doesn't get the chance.

Because Billy fucking Hargrove steps into Steve's space and is slotting their lips together as if they'd kissed a million times before.

And maybe in a different life they had. Because kissing Billy Hargrove is as easy as breathing.

The anger and anguish leaves Steve's body and Steve whimpers as Billy's arm goes around his waist, while the other secures itself on the back of Steve's neck. The blonde boy pushing his body up tight

against Steve's as their lips slide slickly against each others. What starts as a gently sliding together quickly becomes a desperate press.

Steve is sure that this is all a dream, and that he will wake up on the floor of his kitchen in the morning after passing out from all the whiskey.

The searing heat from Billy's body seeps into Steve's skin, and he can't remember what it was ever like to be cold. What it was like to not have Billy's body pressed against his own.

He opens his lips and pushes his tongue to the seam of Billy's own. The blonde boy opens his mouth and receives Steve's tongue like it's fucking communion, letting out an obscene moan as Steve strokes along the inside of his mouth. Steve realizes his hands are still hanging uselessly at his sides and he remedies that by tangling them both into that incredible hair he's stared at too many times. He tugs on it and listens to the harsh breaths Billy lets out into Steve's own mouth as he does.

Steve is as hard as a rock, and he can feel the telltale hardness against his hip that signals that Billy is too. His hips hitch forward desperately and he whimpers again as his dick rubs into Billy's thigh. Without hesitation Billy slots one of those thick thighs in between Steve's legs, pressing exactly where Steve needs him.

Steve disengages his lips as his head drops back and he moans like a goddamn porn star at the feeling. The fingers at his waist tightened and Billy doesn't miss a beat as his lips latch onto Steve's throat. Steve can feel the boy's sharp teeth digging into his flesh and his wet, warm tongue laving over his adams apple. It feels like Billy is trying to eat him alive. Maybe he is.

"Please don't stop. Please, please don't stop," Steve is begging. He knows he sounds pathetic, but the words don't stop. The thought that Billy would step away from him, walk out the door and leave him again makes Steve want to cry. He feels traitorous tears in his eyes and his breath hitches with them.

Billy pauses in his ministrations and Steve frantically grabs his shirt. He drags his head forward and looks at the other boy. Uncaring that

Billy will see the tears. Uncaring that his soul is laid bare in his face for Billy to see. Uncaring of anything except for the fact that Billy could leave him again and he doesn't think he'd survive if he did.

It's quiet except for their panting, and Steve stares at Billy's face, feeling cut open and exposed for this boy. This boy with his fucking name *written on Steve's heart*.

"Please," Steve begs one last time. And Billy fucking folds.

"Fuck, baby. I'm not going anywhere," Billy rasps out and then surges forward to connect their lips again. Billy kisses Steve like he's dying, and Steve thinks he might actually be dying. Billy's hands come up to frame Steve's face, thumbs brushing away the tears that are falling without Steve's permission. Billy's tongue delving deeply into Steve's mouth, like he fucking owns it.

And he fucking *does*.

They kiss for a long time. Totally content to drink each other in with lips and tongues, and gently drifting finger tips. It isn't until Steve shifts that he's reminded of how hard he is in his jeans. Billy's leg still pressed against his dick, all thick muscles of his thighs that make Steve want to write against them until he comes. He makes a soft noise in his throat and twitches his hips upward to rub against Billy's thigh.

"So fucking hard for me, baby. So fucking good," Billy mutters against Steve's lips, and Steve feels warmth bubble up in his stomach.

"Yes," he whispers back, and hitches his hips up again, "Please?"

He doesn't really think he knows what he's asking for... Then again, maybe he knows exactly what he's asking for.

Either way, he feels Billy's hand move to the front of his jeans, undoing the button with the kind of ease that screams Billy's done this too many times to count. The jealousy that burns through Steve makes him tug on Billy's hair and crush their mouths together even harder. He swears that he hears Billy laugh against his lips, and he

should be angry at him, but in the next moment, Billy's hand is shoved down the front of Steve's briefs and clutching Steve's dick. And that's the moment that all rational thought leaves Steve's brain entirely.

He parts from Billy with a drawn out moan, wanton and frenzied. He lets go of Billy for the briefest moment to reach down and shimmy his jeans down his legs further so that the other boy can have full access.

"Fucking Christ, you really are a pretty boy. So fucking gorgeous for me, aren't you. Showing off for me like that," Billy groans out as he looks down at Steve's flushed erection. Slender and long, much like Steve's body. Proportional and flushed pink, with a weeping slit. Steve nearly cries when he watches Billy lick his lips, and another blurt of precum slides down the head and onto Billy's fingers.

"Just for you. Only you, god fucking dammit. *Please, Billy,* " Steve begs again, and his words cause Billy to spring into action. His hand wraps firm and calloused and warm around the turgid rod of flesh between them. A blurt of precum seeps from the tip of Steve's dick and he moans at the sight of Hargrove's fingers wrapped around him.

"Fucking dreamed of this, pretty boy. Can't get you out of my fucking head. What the fuck have you done to me?" Billy murmurs, so soft that if Steve wasn't directly in his space he wouldn't have heard them. But he did hear them, and as Billy's hand begins to pump him he lets out a whimper and a devastated laugh.

"What have *I* done to *you* ? Are you kidding me?" Steve grabs hold of Billy's shirt tighter in his fist. The way the blonde boy is twisting his hand up and down his cock is driving him out of his mind. The knowledge that its *Billy* doing it is firmly settled into Steve's brain and makes it all the more intense.

"Just shut up, Stevie. Just let me fucking do this for you, without you running your fucking mouth," Billy mutters, but there's no bite to the words. No animosity that usually accompanies a threat from Billy Hargrove. If Steve wasn't so focused on how the boy was touching him again finally, he'd be able to hear the fondness in the other boy's voice.

Steve only whimpers again in response and Billy speeds up his hand, now sliding slickly along with the ease from all the precum weeping from the tip. Steve's hips twitch and his head falls backwards, landing with a thunk against the bathroom mirror, his eyes flutter shut and he feels Hargrove's mouth descend on his neck. The blonde boy sucks kisses into Steve's flesh, licking a line up to his jaw and nipping against the hollow below Steve's ear. Steve's stomach tightens in anticipation, and he can feel his balls beginning to draw up in signal that he's close to coming.

"Almost," he pants out, the word not sounding like English to his own ears, drunk on the moment and the whiskey from earlier.

"I know, baby. Let me see you, come on," Billy whispers against his skin, and it feels like a prayer. At the same moment, Billy's thumb swipes over the sensitive skin of the head of Steve's dick, and just like that, the dam is broken. With a stuttering moan, Steve's hips twitch and he shoots thick white stripes of cum over Billy's fingers. He shudders through the orgasm, and with every passing second feels more and more like a wet rag with all the water being squeezed out of it. A limp, wet noodle, trembling through the aftershocks and panting like a racehorse while Billy continues to gently stroke up.

Finally he whimpers at the overstimulation and Billy's hand stops, though it doesn't let go of Steve's softening cock. Steve feels Billy breathing against his neck and his eyes flutter open to stare at the bathroom ceiling. The blonde boy's thick leg still pressed between his thighs, and a line of thick, hot hardness is still present against Steve's hip.

It's silent in the bathroom for what feels like an eternity.

Although the satisfaction of his orgasm has seeped into his bones, Steve feels the rising tide of anxiety threatening to pull him under again.

"You're going to leave me again, aren't you," Steve says. It isn't a question. After everything that has happened between them, this is something Steve is sure of in this moment.

He will never have Billy Hargrove. Not completely.

Billy breathes out shakily and Steve is shocked that as his brain comes back online more and more, he realizes he can feel wetness on his neck where Billy is resting his head. Steve frowns and shifts his hands from their grip on Billy's shirt, sliding them up and over his broad shoulders, which he now feels shaking under his palms. A wet, half choked sound echoes in the tiny space they're confined in and Steve feels his heart constrict in his chest.

Because Billy Hargrove, with a shark smile and sharp words, wrapped in leather and a bad attitude is crying on his shoulder.

Steve makes a quiet sound and moves his hands again up into the soft blonde curls on Billy's head. Billy shudders and makes another wet sound in the back of his throat. Steve gently tugs on Billy's hair and to absolute surprise, Billy actually moves his head. The boy lifts his face and pulls back enough that he's looking Steve right in the face, and Steve's breath hitches in pain when he sees Billy's eyes red rimmed and shining with tears.

Steve has never been good with words. He isn't smart like Nancy, and he doesn't have siblings so he doesn't know how to console anyone. Even having friends that didn't only insult each other was a new concept to him. But he's never wished that he knew what the right thing to say was than in this moment. He imagines that later he can blame the alcohol if it all goes sideways, or maybe he can blame it on the post orgasmic glow, or the tension he feels, but for once he realizes that he wants to be completely honest. He wants to show this beautiful, angry boy, whose name lies over his heart, exactly who he is.

"I don't want to leave, Steve," Billy whispers suddenly in between them. The words, for how soft they are, echo in the tiny room. They bounce off the mirror and the tiles and hum inside of Steve's head.

"Then don't," he says, feeling tired to the bone.

"It's not that easy, pretty boy," Billy says again softly.

Steve stares at him for a long moment, the feeling of wanting to be honest rises up in his chest, threatening to choke him with how much he wants it.

“I want to show you something...” Steve whispers back. He searches Billy’s face for something *anything* that might tell him that what he’s about to do isn’t a massive mistake. Billy’s blue eyes are wide and searching as well, and though tears are sitting right on the edge, they don’t spill down his cheeks.

Steve takes a deep breath and pulls back slightly from the blonde boy, whose hands have migrated to Steve’s hips, cum covered and all. Steve feels Billy’s hands tighten a fraction, in a small attempt to keep Steve close.

“It’s okay. I’m not going anywhere,” Steve says, hoping with everything in his heart that Billy hears the complete sincerity in his words. He must, because he nods his head a tiny bit, and watches as Steve’s hands drift down from Billy’s hair and grab the hem of his shirt.

He takes a deep, steadying breath, and with his heart hammering in his chest like a frantic drum, he pulls his shirt off over his head.

Eyes closed, chest heaving, palms sweating.

And he waits for Billy’s reaction.

He waits.

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings:

Hand Jobs

Homophobic Thoughts/Language

Underage Drinking

Some Violence

7. Part Seven

Notes for the Chapter:

Uhhh... Hi.

Pshhh... I thought that I wouldn't post for at least a few more days, but this chapter practically wrote itself. And I mean, who am I to deny you guys a quick update?

Huge shout out to all of you guys that left a comment or kudos. You inspire me to keep writing, and put a smile on my face! Feel free to leave any comments you might have on this chapter as well!

As always, there are more detailed warnings in the End Notes of this chapter, for anyone that might be a little wary.

Disclaimer: I don't own the Stranger Things universe or any of its characters, I'm just making a sundae with their ice cream. Also, I do Not have a beta, so any and all mistakes in this work are my own! (Considering I was so excited to share this, there might be a fair few in this chapter, sorry again!)

Thank you so much for reading, and enjoy!
Now... Let's see what Billy's been up to... ;)
-Pseudonyme

Part Seven

Livin' On A Prayer - Bon Jovi

Don't You (Forget About Me) - Simple Minds

There were quite a few lessons Billy Hargrove had learned throughout his seventeen years of life.

Most of them he'd learned before his mother had left him with his good for nothing asshole of a father. The rest he'd learned as a direct result. Every day, as far as Neil Hargrove was concerned, held a lesson for his son to be taught. Whether through stinging words that rang in Billy's ears like a gong, or through backhanded slaps that felt like a brand on his cheeks. To Neil Hargrove, his son would never truly learn his lesson.

But Billy had learned some things.

He'd learned to play the game. He'd learned to wake up at five every morning to finish the chores that Neil expected him to do. He'd learned to keep a stash of filthy porn mags under his mattress where he knew Neil would easily find them. He'd learned to keep a straight face when Neil spit in it and delivered the tired old speech of Billy's worthlessness. He'd learned to throw those words into the festering, black hole in his stomach, where it ignited into white hot rage that he in turn, spit back into the world.

And most recently, he'd learned exactly how to hide Steve *fucking* Harrington's name on his body.

He supposes that he shouldn't have been so surprised by its appearance.

In California he had been well aware that he was more attracted to boys than to girls. Considering that his attraction to girls was completely non existent. He could admire them, of course, and the way that their lips shimmered with gloss, or the way their tits filled out a shirt, but never once had he felt the urge to suck that gloss from their lips, or palm their chest to feel how heavy their tits were.

The only times he'd ever felt something was when he would go surfing on the beach, and see other boys, tanned and salt water soaked, sitting on their boards with their legs spread and pushing back their hair.

Of course, growing up with Neil, he knew immediately that it was a secret he would take to his grave. Neil had never been shy about spitting filth into his own face and about others. Some of his favorite rants included spewing horrible things about the "faggots" that ran

around the country. How they out to be shot. How they were disgusting, sub-human creatures that didn't deserve to live. And so Billy knew that he could *never* let Neil find out his secret. Not just because he was afraid of him, but because he knew without a shred of doubt that he would not *survive* if he found out.

And for a while that didn't seem like it would be a problem.

For eighteen years, he never once had a name of a soulmate on his body. And while other people lamented their blank skin, Billy thanked whatever kind of fucked up God that apparently had his back on this one.

Billy was good at pretending. He could swing a crowd into his corner with a flash of a smile and a wink. He worked hard to look good, and put effort into his appearance. There was a fine line, where Neil was suspicious about it all, but Billy knew how to play the game. He used his appearance to pull in the girls. Drag them in like flies to honey. He'd charm them and ask if they had a name on their skin. If they said yes, then he'd tell them he wasn't interested in anyone but his own soul mate. If they didn't, then he'd ply them with the potential of having *him* for a night.

He'd swallow the lump in his throat when he kissed them. Ignored the stab of *wrongness* that lanced through his heart as he whispered filthy things into their ears while they moaned softly. He'd imagine he was anywhere else in the world while they ground down onto his fingers that pumped in and out of slick, hot wetness.

He tried so *fucking* hard to be normal. To enjoy them. To not be such a fucking *faggot* .

And while it was always so difficult, it started to get easier when he realized how fucking wet girls got for a guy that didn't give a rats ass about them. From there, Billy realized that he'd found the loophole and he completely monopolized off of it.

The aloof image that came naturally enough with his disinterest in women all together, mixed with a leather jacket and the air of a bad boy with no fucks to give and nothing to regret. He had them eating out of the palm of his hand, and that was enough for Neil to not poke

his nose in where it *really* didn't belong.

And then along came Susan. Fucking white bread, complicit Suzy-Q, with her only daughter Maxine. Who, in all honesty, Billy respected and was annoyed by all in the same breath. And Neil thought it might just be the best idea in the entire world to pack up and move to butt-fuck Indiana. Fresh start in the middle of fucking nowhere, in a place where Billy had nothing left to love in, which only sweetened the deal for Neil even more.

No sunsets over the ocean, no memories of his mother walking the pier with him and eating strawberry ice cream, no surfing, no nothing.

Hawkins was a hell hole of cold, cloudy days, plain jain people with boring lives, zero color, and not a single decent dealer within fifty miles.

It was fucking bullshit.

Until all of a sudden it wasn't.

Because not even Bill could have expected a stupid backwoods party in Hawkins Indiana to be where he met his soulmate. Definitely not after he'd killed the other boy's keg record. And especially not when he'd realized that the boy was dating one of the most pretentious girls in the entire Midwest.

Billy hadn't realized anything was different until that night when he'd finally stumbled home. Neil had been waiting up for him and gave him a good smack around for reeking of booze and cigarettes, though Billy knew that Neil had eyed the hickey on his neck that a particularly ambitious brunette girl had given him, and he'd let Billy off easier than usual.

Billy had meandered to his room, kicked off his boots and stripped off the leather jacket and jeans he'd wiggled into. As his hands pushed down the tight denim off the bare skin beneath it, a flash of black caught his eye in the most unlikely of places. For a moment he imagined that he'd gotten even *more* fucked up than he'd originally thought. He squinted in the low lamplight of his tiny bedroom,

standing completely ass naked and reached down to grasp at his soft cock to angle it towards the light. There, looking like a pristine black tattoo, in choppy chicken scratch handwriting was a name. A name he'd learned just that evening.

Steven Harrington.

That stupid, lean, pretentious, rich son of a bitch, brown eyed boy's name was written on his *fucking* dick.

Rage boiled through Billy's veins at the sight, and tears that he refused to let fall stung at his eyes. Slowly he sank to the rough carpeted floor and fisted his hair in his hands. The slow, dreadful realization of what had happened washed over his body, and he felt like he would vomit. He felt like screaming. He felt like dying. Because surely dying couldn't be worse than getting his *male* soulmate's name imprinted on his fucking dick.

Whenever he'd imagined getting his soulmate's mark on his body, he imagined it happening far in the future after he'd left Neil's clutches and he'd moved back to California. He imagined meeting some boy with tan skin and a cute smile, who could go surfing with him, and party with him, and pretend that they were just best friends to the world.

He didn't fucking want some hick with a God Complex from a shit Midwestern town, who probably didn't even have the capacity to imagine two men being together as soulmates.

Just like everything else in Billy's life, of course he couldn't even rely on having a true soulmate.

Destined to be alone for the rest of his life. Unloveable, undeserving, and undeniably hopeless.

Billy Hargrove had learned so many lessons throughout his life so far, but he knew this was the hardest one of all.

*

Despite the fact that his soul mark was in one of the most intimate places on his body, Billy found himself pressed to find ways to hide it

more and more. He'd also grown to hate the irony that one of the biggest dicks he'd ever met had his name *literally* on Billy's own.

It was easy enough establishing himself in the Hawkins High School Hierarchy (a cake walk compared to the acrobatics of managing a social circle in California). Joining the basketball team, (the only relevant sport, apparently), surrounding himself with King Steve's old cronies (despite the fact they were all dumber than the white picket fences he drove past every day), and keeping up with his old bullshit of flirting with anything with a pussy. He quickly found himself at the (admittedly inconsequential) food chain of Hawkins. And didn't that just piss Steve Harrington right the fuck off.

Billy got *mean*. Pushed right up into Harrington's space at practice and shoved him down a peg physically and socially. He made crass jokes to the other boys about Harrington's stuck up, ice princess of a girlfriend, and licked his teeth when Harrington glared in his direction. At every moment, he had some kind of barbed comments on the tip of his tongue, just waiting to spew it at Harrington. And all the while, he felt like Harrington could see his own fucking name under the fly of Billy's too-tight jeans.

Cold days turned even colder, and Billy felt himself grow more and more miserable.

He snapped at Max, and earned Neil's wrath far easier. He felt himself slipping, like the world beneath his feet was one solid sheet of ice. His balance was off, and he felt it in his heart, which he had long written off as a lost cause anyway.

For the image of the aloof bad boy, his true feelings were working wonders. The women of Hawkins could barely pick their jaws up off the ground fast enough to rip their own panties off for him. He worked his old magic, that had seemed so simple to do back in California, but now made a lead weight settle in his stomach more and more heavily every time. He whispered in their ears, the same old schtick about marking them up in place of his name, and caught Harrington's uninterested, disgusted glares. Through the sharp pain in his chest, he always threw back a smirk and a demeaning wink.

The days all blurred together into one painful fucking existence for

Billy Hargrove.

And then it all got shot even further to hell.

When he'd showed up to the Byers house to retrieve Max, he'd imagined the worst thing that would happen that night was that he'd get a few solid punches to the gut from Neil.

He'd wished he'd been right.

When he'd seen Steve, it felt as though a hole had been ripped through his chest. Felt like razor sharp claws had sunk into his flesh and sliced him open so deeply that every feeling he'd ever pushed down into that deep, black hole inside him came flooding out all at once.

Rage, and fear, and hopelessness, and desperation. All mixed together with the white hot anger of having to see his soulmate *every fucking day* and live with the knowledge that perfect, rich boy, stupid Steve Harrington would *never fucking want him*.

He'd shoved past the boy and gone into the Byers house, eyes settling on the Sinclair boy. And every single hateful word that Neil had ever spoken about colored people popped into his head. He knew that if Neil *ever* found out about the Sinclair boy, that he would be dead meat. *Max* would be dead meat.

Through the haze of red, he threatened the boy, hoping to scare the ever loving shit out of him so that he would never put Max in that kind of danger again. Billy could handle Neil's rage, but Max would break like a baby bird that had fallen from the nest. And although he was adamant that she was *not* his sister, he couldn't let fucking Neil break anyone else.

He'd screamed loud enough that his throat felt raw, and then he was spun around, got a glimpse of big brown eyes looking into his own, before Steve *fucking* Harrington punched his fucking face.

He'd been stunned and before he could stop himself, he laughed. Because *of course* he was getting the shit kicked out of him by his soulmate. In what fucking world would Billy *not* get the shit kicked

out of him by his soulmate. It all fucking lined up.

And from there, it became a blur. Steve kept coming at him, and Billy finally pushed back. Feeling that black hole open up inside him once again. And it wasn't until he had Steve on the ground, and his fists kept meeting the soft, pale flesh of the boy's face, over and over and over again that the rage started to recede and he realized exactly what he was doing.

He was acting like his fucking father.

The rage evaporated as quickly as it had come on, but by then it was too late. He felt the sudden pinch of something on his neck, and the cool sensation of liquid entering his veins. When he'd risen, he was overcome with the dizziness that usually only accompanied a good high. Like a *really* good high.

Through the blur of his mind, he landed on his back, and heard Max scream at him. Some fucked up bat with fucking *nails* in it (or did he imagine that on his trip?) lodged in the floor between his legs. So close to his dick (the same dick with Steve's name on it... Steve's dick?) that he mumbled the words Max demanded of him and succumbed to the drugs in his blood, but not before he'd stolen a glance at the boy on the floor next to him.

Bloody, and swollen, and so *fucking* pretty that it made Billy's heart ache.

Such a pretty boy.

Billy's pretty boy.

Except even through his drug fueled haze, he still knew that wasn't true.

._.*_

And then it somehow ends.

Billy goes back to his old shit. Tries to forget that anything even happened. Goes back to his chores at five in the morning, and "Yes sirs" to Neil every day, and ignores Max as much as possible despite

the fact he drives her to school every morning.

He watches Harrington's face heal over the course of a few weeks. And although the bruises fade and the cuts heal over, Billy sees something else in Harrington that just doesn't seem to heal.

He hears the gossip in the halls and at lunch and at the weekend parties. He can't seem to escape the whispered words that follow him and haunt his fucking thoughts.

Fucking Ice Princess Wheeler and Weirdo Freak Byers got together... And the situation was shady at best. Carol tells him at lunch that it was a long time coming, and that Wheeler always had some kind of weird pity crush on the Byers boy. Becky tells him in calculus that she wouldn't be surprised if Wheeler dumped Harrington without warning and that she'd heard them get into a nasty argument on Halloween. Lauren tells him while she's trying to get her hands down his pants at a party that Wheeler is a fucking idiot to dump Harrington because he's got a massive dick and knows how to put it to work.

Billy tells Lauren that she needs to stop talking about other dudes dicks while trying to get with another guy. She slaps him and he leaves her behind the garden shed they posted up behind. Billy had strategically ushered her over there because it was completely cast in shadow, leaving no way for her to be able to see the name on his dick.

Except, when he gets home that night and lays on his tiny, stiff mattress, he mulls all of the information over in his head. He thinks about every time he saw Harrington and Wheeler together. He's a bit smug when he recalls that he doesn't ever remember seeing them look happy together. He lays there in the dark and lets himself steal a smile over what feels like the tiniest victory in human history. It isn't anything special, but it lights up a small part of the black hole in the pit of his stomach.

From then on, he watches Harrington a bit closer. Not enough to draw attention to it. Never enough to give anyone the idea that he's truly watching the other boy. But he watches enough to truly see what's happening to him.

While everyone in Hawkins doesn't want to waste another breath on the former King of Hawkins, Billy is watching the boy crumble. When the bruises finally fade, they are replaced with dark circles and puffy bags, hearkening sleepless nights. The bottom edge of his brown doe eyes is rimmed with red, and Billy knows without a doubt that Harrington cries every day. He watches, with a sick feeling that roils in his stomach, as Steve begins to shed weight far more easily than Billy is comfortable with. Steve's collar bones sticking out sharply under his basketball jersey, and his already thin legs becoming more and more knobby.

He stops showering in the group shower after practice, and instead rushes straight to the parking lot and drives away in that stupid rich boy beemer that Billy wants to race against. He stops sitting with anyone at lunch; instead grabs a sandwich from the cafeteria and stands by his locker to eat it, but Billy's watched him throw away more than half of it unfinished every day. He stops speaking to the other people in class, or even the teachers, and Billy's seen his tests get passed back with increasingly terrible grades.

And although Billy knows better, he feels himself soften towards the other boy.

Not enough for people to see. Not enough for Neil to be able to sniff it out. As if his gayness was as thick and cloying as the smell of smoke. But just enough that his heart continues to ache every day when he thinks about the brown eyed boy with his dumb, puffy hair that Billy wants to run his fingers through and mess up thoroughly.

He softens just enough that the thoughts come creeping into his brain when he least expects it.

He watches Steve shuffle through the hallway, avoiding all contact and wants to draw him into his arms and shield him from the crowd of poisonous high schoolers. He sees Steve grow ever more frustrated on the basketball court, and wants to pull him in with a hand on the back of his neck, and whisper to him with a smile that he should plant his feet more. He hears the teachers ask when Steve's parents will be home because they *really* need to have a parent teacher conference with them about Steve's slipping grades, and he wants to settle with him in the library and help with his calculus because

Billy's been acing the class all year.

He wants to stick his nose behind Steve's ear where whatever product Steve uses doesn't hold entirely and his hair looks soft and starts to curl. He wants to feel the soft skin of Steve's unblemished neck under his lips, because he's sure that it's softer than any girl's Billy's ever forced himself to kiss. He wants to dig his fingers into slim hips and reel him in until Steve's arms go around his neck, and he can't tell where one of them ends and the other begins. He wants to look into Steve's big brown eyes and know that Steve *knows* him deep down to his very core and have no secrets or space between them.

He wants, he wants, *he wants*.

And for Billy Hargrove, *wanting* is a dangerous game.

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When school finally finished, Billy felt bereft.

An annoying mix of not knowing what to do with himself and anxiety over realizing he wouldn't see Harrington on a regular basis anymore clogged his throat in a way that made him ignite with rage. He hadn't heard anything about Harrington's future plans for college or anything remotely similar and it gave him a feeling of unease to go along side of his anxiety of not seeing the other boy. The only thing he'd heard was from Heather, the other lifeguard at the pool, who said that Harrington had been forced to get a job scooping ice cream at the parlor in the new mall.

The news had settled in Billy's chest something that had been fluttering constantly, like a wild bird in a cage.

Harrington wasn't gone yet.

Steve hadn't left him behind.

Billy knew it was ridiculous to think that Steve even realized Billy saw it that way. That Billy had watched him throughout the last few months of the school year, and had seen what no one else apparently had. The slow decline of what had once been an untouchable King, now just a shadow of a boy. Ignored by the commoners that once

flocked around him, and sneered at by the court that now surrounded Billy.

It was all complete bullshit, honestly.

Billy missed the different groups of people that lived in California. There was no one person that came out on top of all the others. It had always felt as though each person was welcomed for what they could do and what they loved and who they were. Not like Hawkins, where it was a fucking hive mind of popularity, and if you didn't meet the standards you were cast out like a whore from a church.

Now that it wasn't so apparent in the summer, and Billy didn't have to walk through the halls everyday like a fucking King holding court, he felt a bit better. Work at the pool wasn't anything special, but considering when he'd interviewed he'd mentioned that he'd been surfing since he was a kid, he'd been hired on the spot... That, and the way that he'd watched the way that Mrs. Harman's eyes slid down his body like a tiger eyeing a particularly juicy piece of meat. He'd flashed her that winning smile that had corralled all of the other mindless sheep in Hawkins, and just like the rest, she'd fallen hook, line, and sinker.

So his days were filled with basking in the sun. If he closed his eyes, he could almost pretend that he was sitting on long beach... And then a kid would scream and he'd be wrenched back to hick town, USA. It was easier, though, than sitting around at home just waiting for Neil to lay down his own fucked up version of the law. Summer had always been the easiest time to avoid him, and it seemed like summer in Hawkins wouldn't be all that much different.

When Heather had invited him to Ben Parker's party, Billy had only smirked and said he'd check his schedule. Heather had rolled her eyes and snapped her gum as she walked away. Billy didn't admit it out loud, but he thought she was pretty fucking cool. Not to mention the fact that she apparently couldn't care less about his sex appeal. He hadn't figured that one out quite yet, but the way that her eyes had drifted over her sunglasses towards Mrs. Wheeler when she came to sunbathe or do laps in the pool made something hopeful unfurl in Billy's chest. Something that he'd never say out loud, but lit up another tiny part of that black hole inside of him.

The party had been boring, to say the least. Not enough booze, no keg, and the music was some sappy shit that Parker's girlfriend insisted on playing all fucking night. Billy had posted up outside on the front lawn with a cigarette and had been shooting the shit with Tommy H. and some of the other boys on the basketball team. It wasn't until a brown haired girl stumbled up to him, completely obliterated, and started sucking all over his neck.

The other boys laughed and egged him on, and Billy just smirked and let the girl do what she wanted. He ignored the icy shards that lodged in his heart. Ignored how wrong the feeling of her was against him, and hoped that she'd get pulled away by her equally drunk friends before anything else happened. But his luck had never been that good.

"I want to suck your dick," the girl said. Completely outright and loud enough for everyone on the front lawn to hear. The boys had all laughed, and egged Billy on even more, while the girls nearby all rolled their eyes and sneered in disgust at her behavior. Billy nearly snorted in disbelief since nearly all of them had already attempted the same thing with him before.

"Come on, let's go to your car," the girl muttered, her words slurring together. Billy's heart began to race as she pulled him towards the camaro parked on the curb. It was far enough away from the others that no one would be able to see inside without moving from their spots. The weight in Billy's stomach dropped lower and grew heavier as the girl opened the door and almost shoved him inside. She'd followed after him and hadn't given him any warning before she ripped open the button on his jeans and reached inside to pull out his cock.

Billy thanked every God there was that it was dark enough in the car that she wouldn't be able to see the name on the piece of his body that she was about to put in her fucking mouth. He let his head drift back, and closed his eyes. Tried desperately to control his breathing and imagined all of the things his heart desperately wished for.

Soft, plush red lips stretched around the tip, sucking the precum from his slit. A deep voice moaning around his flesh as he grew harder in the grip of large, long fingered hands with not a single callous on

them. Fluffy brown hair curled gently around ears that had no right to be as adorable as they were.

The girl was determined, even Billy could give her that. She shoved him down her throat as far as he could go, apparently had no gag reflex to top it all off. The slick heat of her mouth as just vague enough that Billy could pretend that it belonged to someone else. Behind closed eyelids, in total darkness, he could pretend that it was his pretty boy.

And then it suddenly *wasn't* total darkness.

The dark behind his eyes shone red, and while the girl that was sucking his cock couldn't give a single fuck and continued on her mission, Billy rolled his head forward and stared straight out at the car whose headlights were illuminating him. Just enough light reflecting back into the other car to light up the very same fact Billy had just imagined on his cock.

Heat shimmered down Billy's spine, and his cock throbbed. The girl obviously took this as encouragement and she redoubled her efforts, but Billy wasn't turned on by that. He stared straight at Steve as he reached down and tangled his fingers in the girl's hair, imagining it was the soft strands he was looking at. He felt a smirk take over his face, blatant and rude and dirty in the best way as he stared right at the throat he imagined he was sinking into.

And then his pretty boy was gone.

Maybe Billy was a glutton for punishment after all.

He watched as Harrington peeled out the way he'd come, and the red tail lights disappeared into the muggy summer night.

The girl on his cock pulled off and looked at him with wide eyes, before she launched herself at the other door and opened it just in time to puke onto the street. Billy could hear the laughter coming from the other boys on the lawn, and the catty words from the other girls. By the time the girl was done yakking up all she'd drank, her eyes were closed and she slumped over the seat. Billy sighed in a mix of annoyance and relief.

He'd done up his jeans and hauled her up into his arms. He carried her from the car towards the house and glared down Ben Parker, until the boy had stuttered something out about a guest room upstairs by the bathroom. Billy had merely nodded and carried the mostly limp girl upstairs and found the room easily enough, laying the girl down on the bed and pulling off her shoes before bringing the blanket up around her shoulders. He was about to leave when a weak hand wrapped around his wrist. Billy looked back to see the girl staring at him with fat tears in her eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she muttered miserably.

"It's whatever," Billy responded gruffly, trying to extricate his wrist.

"I just wanted to make Ben jealous..." she whimpered and tears leaked out of her eyes.

"Seriously, it's fine," Billy repeated, attempting to get up. But the girl seemed to have a second wind of energy and she gripped his wrist harder and lurched up.

"I just... I have his name, you know? I don't think he has mine... He hasn't... I don't... What am I supposed to do if he doesn't have mine, but I have his? How am I going to survive?" the girl began to sob in earnest. Billy stared at the girl and felt the ice in his heart melt a little bit. He reached out and stroked her hair behind her ear, leaning forward and kissed her on the cheek, while gently pushing her to lay back down.

"It sucks, but you'll survive," Billy whispered as she laid down and stared at him with glossy eyes.

"Okay," the girl whispered back, and then promptly passed out.

"Okay," Billy replied, knowing full well that she wouldn't remember a damn thing about this night.

For a moment, he wished for the same thing.

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The day Harrington shows up at the pool is a day that Billy is sure

he'll never forget.

No matter how old and gray he gets, no matter how many other memories he forgets, fuck even if he forgets his own name, he knows in his *soul* that he'll never forget that day.

He taunted him at first. Called him out on watching him the night of Ben Parker's party. He thoroughly enjoys the flush of pink across Steve's cheeks. Wants to lick them and bite his jaw, and whisper that he'd been thinking about *him*.

He'd watch the other boy lick a damn ice pop in *exactly* the same way he'd imagined Steve's mouth working the night of Ben Parker's party. Red, pouty lips wrapped around the sweet treat, and Billy couldn't help but let his hand drift downward to adjust his dick. He wanted Steve to lick his own name on the skin of his cock. Wanted him to suck kisses onto it and stare up at Billy with his big brown eyes, knowing that every cell in Billy's body belonged to him.

He'd seen how the stupid nerd herd asked about the dark tshirt covering up Steve's skin. He wanted to run his fingers along his sides and check to see how much weight the boy had truly lost. He wanted to grip him tight and nourish him until he didn't feel like he had to hide anymore.

And he'd watched as Max and the Sinclair boy, and the fucking toothless wonder that looked at Steve with moon eyes, shoved Steve under the water.

Billy had felt fear in his life. When his mother had left and never returned. When Neil had truly begun slapping him around. When he realized that he liked boys and could never find girls attractive. When he moved away from everything he'd ever loved in California. And when he realized that he'd gotten a soulmate that would *never* want him back.

But nothing prepared him for the shocking grip of absolute fear that overcame him when he realized Harrington couldn't get back up. When he realized that the stupid fucking kids weren't going to let him back up without a fight.

Billy didn't think, he just moved.

He blew the whistle and jumped from the seat of the lifeguard stand, launching himself into the pool. He grabbed Steve's shoulders and dragged him up again. The kids all dispersed and the molten heat of rage and fear in Billy's stomach poured out at them through words as he hauled Steve up out of the pool and onto the warm concrete. The boy looked so small, completely drenched with his hair slicked down with water and coughing wildly. He wanted to drag the boy into his arms and soothe him until he was ready to face the world again.

Billy rounded back on the kids and shouts some more. He saw the tears in Max's eyes and the fear in the others. He wanted to scream about how they don't understand real fear. They don't *fucking* understand. No one does.

It isn't until Steve started spewing excuses for the kids that Billy truly stopped yelling, and even then it's more out of shock. He doesn't understand how the boy can be so forgiving so easily. Doesn't understand how Steve doesn't realize that Billy nearly *lost* him. How completely *unacceptable* that is. How Billy's *fucking* world almost collapsed entirely.

He watched Steve shuffle into the locker room and gives the thoroughly chastised children another glare.

"We really are sorry," Max whispered.

"Sorry isn't good enough, sometimes, Maxine," Billy growled and stalked back towards the lifeguard chair. Only to be intercepted by Heather and her all knowing eyes.

"You're due for a break," she said simply, snapping her gum sharply. Billy eyed her and raised a brow in question.

"I'm not due for a break for another hour," Billy snapped back.

"And miss your chance? Yeah right," she hurled back at him. Billy felt as if he'd been sucker punched, but Heather didn't reply, just brushed past him and got into the chair.

"You'll miss your break if you don't get a *fucking* move on, loser,"

Heather muttered just loud enough for only Billy to hear. And it seemed to do the trick, as his feet started moving and he found himself in the men's locker room. He leaned down and saw no other feet in the stalls aside from one in a single shower. Without giving himself time to think about it, he slid the lock and sealed off the rest of the world away from them.

He knew Harrington couldn't have heard him as he walked down the row of empty showers to the last one. His heart hammered in his chest, but for some reason he was completely calm. It was as if he knew that he was not meant to be anywhere else in that moment. He doesn't allow himself to imagine the implications, doesn't hear the part of his brain that is screaming that this is a bad idea, that Steve will beat the shit out of him, will tell *everyone* about what he really is. He can't focus on anything besides the thought that Steve Harrington nearly left his world.

And with that single thought rolling around in his head, he opened the curtain, slid to his knees on the tile ground and grabbed Steve's hips in his own calloused palms.

The other boy yelped in surprise, twisting his head around over his right shoulder and their gazes met for what felt like an eternity. Billy waited for the boy to shove him off and spit in his face. Waited for him to threaten to call the cops and kick him down for being such a perverted faggot. But nothing happened.

Billy ran a hand up the gently knobs of Steve's spine, and pushed until the boy had his torso pressed flush against the shower wall. The boy's breath coming and going in frantic gulps that Billy was positive were excited and not terrified.

The thought of the world continuing on without Steve Harrington's existence made Billy's hand shake as he skimmed it over Steve's ribs. The little bumps pressing through the skin, exactly as he'd thought they would when he noticed the boy losing weight. He dragged his hands over the sharp jut of his hips, down those long legs he'd stared at in gym class, to the delicate bone of his ankle that he now wanted to lean down to kiss. A shuddering sigh left Steve's own lips, and Billy let his hands drift up the baby soft skin on the inside of the sweet boy's thighs. Softer than any fucking girl he'd ever had the

displeasure of touching, he was fucking sure of it. He'd only paused for a moment with his fingers twitching over the sensitive, soft flesh, when Steve's hips twitched backwards and the softest, sweetest sound of need left his pretty boy's lips.

From there it's a fucking blur.

A whirlwind of Billy's tongue on Steve's wet flesh. The sight of his wrinkled, pink entrance is so sweet that Billy can't help but tenderly kiss it. He wants to devour the boy in front of him. Repeatedly spears him open, tasting the dark musky tang of the boy's hole on his tongue and diving deeper for more. Nuzzling his nose in and memorizing the scent of his pretty boy's most intimate place. Burning the memory of it into his fucking brain so that it becomes a part of him. He knows that he spoke to the boy, rumbling growls of approval into his flesh as his sweet pretty boy started pleading for more. And Billy willingly gave it.

When he leaned back to look at his work, his pretty boy's hole was all sleek and soft and pink from Billy's attention. He couldn't help but to pet it gently, and dip the tip inside, only to make room for his tongue to go deeper. He wanted to crawl inside the boy and stay there forever. Wanted to be fused into his blood and bones until they were one entity entirely.

It isn't until he heard his pretty boy begging him, and saying he was close to release that the red haze receded from his brain. He'd wrapped a hand around Steve's cock and barely got a single pump done before the boy trembled and twitched with an orgasm that sounded like the second coming. The sounds his pretty boy made were like angels singing in his fucking ears, and all he had a mind to do was to stay where he was and continue to worship the boy.

The same boy that had slumped into the tiled wall of the shower and sighed and shivered with satisfaction. The red haze in Billy's brain had finally receded entirely and he found himself harder than he'd ever been before in his dumb lifeguard shorts, with his soulmate completely wiped from orgasm in front of him.

Billy stood quickly as the panic set into his heart more thoroughly, but he couldn't help but grip those soft, pale hips. He watched as

Steve came down from the height of his pleasure, breath evening out again and twitching every so often.

“If only you could be mine,” Billy whispered, sure that Steve wouldn’t hear him over the water.

And then the boy attempted to turn around, but Billy held him still. Couldn’t bear to face the boy fully, and have his life torn apart in from of him.

“Billy?” his pretty boy asked quietly. Billy lets out a laugh, ignoring the sting of tears in his eyes and the bowling ball in his stomach. He rolls his shoulders and shakes his head, pulling every ounce of the persona he’d perfected over the years around him like a coat.

“See you around, pretty boy,” he muttered, holding back the acidic taste of regret in his throat. He delivered a slap to the boy’s incredible ass and practically ran from the stall.

He didn’t stick around to hear Steve’s revelation of Billy’s perversion. He didn’t wait to find out what kind of threats the boy would make after he’d made such pretty, sweet sounds for Billy. He didn’t want to see the empty gaze in those big brown eyes and hear him talk about how he doesn’t swing that way, and that he’s a fucked up abomination of society.

He practically ran from the locker room and goes to the storage closet.

He bit at the skin on his knuckles and felt the slide of hot tears drip down his cheeks.

He licked at his lips and swore he could still taste Steve on his tongue.

He took a deep breath and pulled himself back together.

He left the storage room, sunglasses in place once again as he entered the real world.

And he remembered that no one in the world, not even his soulmate, would ever want him.

The next days passed agonizingly slowly.

Billy was jumpy and terrified of everything, though it came out in aggressive bursts of anger. He waited for any sign that Harrington had gone to the cops and reported him for being a sexual deviant, but nothing ever happened. He convinced himself that Harrington was just biding his time and waiting for the opportunity to strike out against him on his own.

He'd been lost in his thoughts enough times that Neil hadn't just ended a round of demeaning insults with a slap to the face, but had instead taken his belt to Billy's back. The red welts bloomed against his flesh, and they still stung less than the thought of Harrington never looking at him the same way again. He threw himself into focusing on work and his chores at home. He didn't bother to pretend to be happy, any more than he ever had before. Even he could admit that he'd been acting like a real piece of shit for nearly a week before he snapped at Max for asking him to take her to the mall with her stupid friends.

"Why should I fucking help your bratty ass?" Billy asked her with a sneer.

"Why are you such a fucking asshole all the time?" Max shot back at him with a fiery glare.

"Ooh, good one, Maxine. That almost hurt my feelings," Billy snarled.

"As if you have any. Sometimes I think I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't have a fucking heart at all!" she yelled and then stomped off to her room and slammed the door.

Through the relief that Neil wasn't home to have heard her do that, Billy was swamped with cold regret. He wondered if Steve thought the same about him. Incapable of feelings. Incapable of any emotion at all besides rage and hate.

Twenty minutes later, Billy knocked on Max's door and told her to be ready in five minutes. Then he called the number of some blonde

chick that he'd met at the pool the previous day and invited her to a movie. She'd sound thrilled and Billy swallowed down the razors in his throat as he'd agreed to meet her in an hour at the theater.

When they got to the mall, Billy had passed Max a ten dollar bill and she'd eyed it like he'd poisoned it.

"Just fucking get out of here, already," Billy growled at her. She rolled her eyes but thanked him quietly and told him she'd get a ride home from the Byers kid's mom, then jetted off to wherever her freaky little friend group had posted up that evening. Billy waited around near the theater entrance, anxiety buzzing around in his body like a swarm of hornets. The food court was just downstairs... He wondered if Steve would be working tonight.

"Billy!" a bright, too happy voice broke through his thoughts and he spotted the blonde chick from the pool. The one he realized he couldn't remember the name of to save his fucking life.

"Hey blondie," Billy smiled the lazy smile that made all the girls cream their pants.

Girls were so fucking easy to read. It was the stupid brown eyed boy with the soft, sweet skin that were hard.

"We still have some time before the movie, let's go get some snacks!" the girl said, and grabbed him by the hand to haul him downstairs. Billy felt his heart rate increase at the thought of potentially seeing Steve. Terror laced with excitement coursed through his veins as they stepped between all the other mall goers.

"How about some ice cream?" the girl asked. Billy nearly swallowed his tongue, but managed to keep his cool somehow.

"Sounds perfect," he murmured back. The girl merely giggled and tossed her blonde hair over her shoulder. The ice cream parlour came into view and the tinny sea shanty song playing over the speakers invaded his mind, but Billy only had eyes for the long legged, gorgeous boy behind the counter.

Steve was so clearly in deep conversation with a girl that Billy

remembered seeing around school. The brown eyed boy looked annoyed with her, but they seemed friendly enough. If Billy had thought that rage was the only thing he'd been able to feel, he had been dead wrong. Because the jealousy that rose into his throat and threatened to choke him was all consuming.

He couldn't stop himself from belittling the girl and making Steve uncomfortable. If only to draw those big brown eyes to his own, and to look into them. He wanted to make Steve see him. To know him. To understand that his *fucking name was on his body*.

When both girls were gone and Steve was left staring back at Billy, he realized that he didn't have much to say after all. In all honesty, the sight of Steve's long legs in those tiny blue shorts made Billy want to drop to his knees again and worship the soft pale skin on his exposed thighs. He wanted to leave love bites up the insides of them and pull Steve into his mouth until he begged for mercy. He wanted to make Steve understand that there was nothing else in this world that he wanted more than to have Steve want him back.

An impossibility for sure, but stranger things have happened.

When the blonde girl had returned and demanded they leave, Billy had seen red. He'd unthinkingly ordered strawberry ice cream, the way his mother always had. And when the girl had snatched it from him, he'd seen red. Giving it back to Steve was something small, and as Billy had walked away, he hoped that Steve might eat it. If he could never eat strawberry ice cream on the pier in California with the beautiful brown eyed boy, then at least he could imagine it.

He attempted to sit through the movie. It fucking sucked.

Molly Ringwald was so over hyped, and girls all wished to be her. It was a bit sickening to Billy, who imagined that people should try to be themselves rather than someone else... An ironic sentiment to own for someone that had hid who he was for his entire life.

He'd told the blonde girl who'd kept attempting to make out with him in the back of the theater that he was going to the bathroom. He had no intention of returning to her, but she didn't need to know that.

Billy thought that he'd head to his car and have a smoke, but as he walked by the balcony overlooking the food court, he had a direct view into the empty ice cream shop... Empty aside from one, lonely little brown eyed boy.

Billy's feet took him down the stairs and into the shop before he could contemplate doing anything else. He saw Steve sitting behind the counter, head fallen back and exposing the long length of his perfect neck. And Billy felt like he couldn't breathe. He wasn't sure that he'd ever met anyone as beautiful as Steve Harrington.

Then the boy had tipped his head forward and nearly fallen over at the surprise of seeing Billy. Anger swelled beneath his skin at the sight of Steve going so jump at just the sight of him. He knew he had no one else but himself to blame for that, and that Steve probably was horrified to be so close to such a perverted sexual deviant like him. But still, he pushed through.

Steve stuttered out responses to his questions, and to Billy's absolute surprise he'd agreed to join him outside for a smoke. Which, in hindsight, might not have been the best idea Billy's ever had. Because the sight of Steve sucking on a cigarette, with his lips in exactly the same place that Billy's own had been nearly does Billy in. If he wasn't sure he'd ever met anyone as beautiful as Steve before, now he was fucking positive.

This boy was nothing but gorgeous. So fucking pretty it made Billy's heart ache. Made his fucking dick (the same dick with his *fucking* name on it) throb in his jeans.

And then Steve offered up some fucking skunk weed, like it just might be as precious as gold. And Billy couldn't help but laugh, because the spark of excitement in his pretty boy's face was too adorable for words. But of course Steve didn't know that, and he thought Billy was laughing *at* him. Because what else would Billy Hargrove be laughing at? The angry boy that has no fucking feelings or emotions other than hatred.

When Steve moved to leave, Billy reacted quickly and covered his trail. Convinced his pretty boy to stay a bit longer. Just to drag out this weird peaceful moment between them, that isn't anything like

any interaction they've ever had before. Billy took the weed from him and sparked it up easily, inhaling it and left disappointed by the barely there buzz it left in his brain.

God he fucking missed California weed.

He wanted to see Steve blissed out of his mind on it.

And while the buzz wasn't anything to write home about from the hit he'd taken, it was as if he'd breathed out all of his inhibitions on the exhale. As if the heat of Steve's body had dragged him in like a fucking magnet, and all he could do was continue to make the stupidest decisions in the entire fucking universe. He'd breathed in some more of the sickly sweet smoke, stepped up to Steve and shared the breath with him, watching as the boy's eyes close and he takes what Billy gives him.

Billy wanted to give him *everything*.

And he almost had.

If not for the sound of the flood of people leaving the mall from the movie, and real life came hurtling back at him with all the force of a freight train. Smacking him down into the dirt once again and ripping away the fantasy that he might be able to find some kind of happiness in the world.

He snapped at Harrington. Sneered and spit nasty words, and false words and untruths at him. He watched as his pretty boy curled further into himself, and the despair that squeezed his heart made Billy want to take every bit of it back.

But he knew better.

Harrington had a chance to be someone. Be better than him in every way imaginable. He had a chance to go off and live a normal fucking life and make millions off his family's corporate ties, and have stupid gorgeous babies with a girl that was everything Billy wasn't. Harrington had that chance, and Billy knew that he loved him enough to give him that chance.

So he spit acidic words in his pretty boy's face, and told him that

nothing had fucking happened between them. Giving him the scapegoat of Billy never bringing it up. Giving him the option to sweep it all under the rug as just something that might or might not have been imagined.

He walked away from him.

And he cried the whole way home.

*

The day after the “*incident*” as Billy called it in his mind, was a grueling day at work. Billy had been yelling at kids non stop and blowing his whistle. It felt like every time he looked in a different direction there was someone else trying to fuck up his day. Of course he’d completely ignored the fact that he was in a shit mood because of what had happened the night before.

It wasn’t until he sat down for his lunch break with Heather that he even heard the news.

“Harrington’s throwing a party tonight, can you even believe it?” Heather asked in a tone that was incredulous and curious at the same time.

“What the fuck?” Billy had responded with so eloquently.

“You heard me, idiot. Harrington’s throwing a party. Carol told me that he called Tommy this morning and told him to invite everyone he fucking knows. She says it’s going to be absolutely killer,” Heather continued, but Billy wasn’t listening anymore. His heart felt like a deflated balloon, dropping out of his chest and ripping out a piece inside of him.

He knew that Harrington would take the chance offered to him, but he didn’t realize how much it would fucking hurt to see it happen. He didn’t realize how much it would fucking hurt to really have his heart broken.

“Are you going?” Heather asked.

“What the fuck?” Billy responded with again, and Heather rolled her

eyes so hard that Billy wondered if they would fall out of her fucking skull.

“I asked if you’re fucking going, Billy,” she said.

“Don’t see why I fucking should,” Billy muttered, stabbing at his leftover meatloaf he’d packed for lunch.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Heather asked and Billy looked up at her in surprise.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” he growled back.

“You know what it’s supposed to mean. Don’t play dumb. I see the way you look at him, why the fuck wouldn’t you go to the party?” she asked.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Billy snapped, cold fear settling in his stomach as he stood up abruptly from his seat. Heather rolled her eyes again and yanked him back into his seat with a hand on his forearm.

“Oh please. You look at Steve Harrington the same way I stare at any girl with a low cut enough swimsuit. Don’t fucking kid yourself,” she replied, and Billy could only stare at her with his heart racing in his chest. Even his own terror for himself didn’t make him miss the way that uncertainty and fear flashed in Heather’s eyes.

“You... But you’re... No way,” Billy’s mouth popped open a bit.

Heather merely sighed and took a sip of her coke looking prim and moody.

“What, you never heard the phrase: *don’t judge a book by it’s cover* ?” she said.

Billy remained silent. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Heather was like him. Heather was in the same fucking boat. He wasn’t alone. He wasn’t alone.

“No... I’ve fucking heard it. I just didn’t expect that of someone like... you?” he asked.

"Well, the same could be said about you, dick wad," Heather snapped, glaring at him, though her gaze held no real heat in it.

"What about a mark... Your mark?" Billy asked, his throat felt drier than a desert.

"*Caroline Walters*. Haven't met her yet, want to see it?" Heather asked, turning her head to the side and lifting her hair to let Billy see the curly, neat script delicately curved behind her ear. Billy's breath left him in a gust and all of a sudden he felt like crying.

"Your parents?" Billy rasped, but Heather merely shrugged.

"Dad was weird about it for a few days, but they just want me to be happy. No matter who I end up with, they just want to see me happy," she said. And then Billy did start crying.

Just a few tears that dripped down his nose and onto the table between them. Heather reached out a hand and put it on his own, squeezing gently as he scrubbed away the wetness with his other hand.

"I told him it could never happen. Told him I didn't go that way. Wanted to give him an out. A chance to be fucking normal," Billy stuttered out and Heather squeezed his hand tighter.

"Don't you think Harrington should be the one to make that decision? Has he given you any indication that he wanted an out?" Heather nearly whispered.

"I don't... I don't fucking know," Billy whimpered quietly. Heather shifted closer on her seat and raised her free hand to brush back Billy's hair.

"It's okay to be scared. It's fucking terrifying, I know. But don't let that fear stop you from at least trying," Heather whispered again.

"What if he fucking hates me? What then?" Billy asked, looking at Heather with what must have been a wild look. Heather merely rolled her eyes, and then smiled softly at him.

"Then we pick ourselves back up," she replied.

And then they were quiet, just breathing and existing in the same space. Both of them soaking up the fact that they weren't as alone as they'd previously thought.

"So, want to go to a party tonight?" Billy finally asked, a twinkle sparking back into his eyes at the words. Heather threw her head back and laughed loudly. Billy immediately thought that she was much prettier with a real smile on her face rather than the bitchy one she put on for show.

"I thought you'd never ask, dick wad," she replied.

And for a moment, everything was okay in the world.

-*-

The party at Harrington's was less of a party, and more of a fucking free for all.

Billy and Heather had rolled up together, both dressed to kill, and took one look at the madness that was happening before looking at each other incredulously.

"Fucking Harrington's lost it, huh?" Heather muttered as she watched one of the members of the Hawkins basketball team vomit into the bushes while another one climbed on top of Steve's beemer.

Billy didn't respond as he silently walked towards the lit up house. Music was fucking blaring, and still he could barely hear it over the noise of all the people in the house. If it wasn't such a fucked up sight, Billy would have made a comment on how rich boys get to live.

People slapped him on the back as he arrived, but his gaze was on a swivel, sparing no time for any of the other teenagers around him. And then he spotted his pretty boy, standing in the kitchen next to the same girl from the ice cream shop with a handle of whiskey loosely clenched in one hand. Knuckles white, and a sad look on his lips, though his eyes were covered by sunglasses.

Billy couldn't tell if he was looking straight back at him, or if he'd fucking fallen asleep. For all the good he was doing to stop the destruction of what Billy assumed was a normally perfect home.

Anger swelled in his chest at the sight of his pretty boy looking so defeated, and at the same time, a sparkle of hope settled in his chest. And after Heather's words that afternoon, he didn't immediately squash the glimmer and heat that it provided.

Instead he slipped away through the bodies, searching for Heather. Immediately he found her chatting outside by the pool with a girl he did not recognize with short cropped black hair and a row of piercings in her left eyebrow. She looked at Billy and then back at Heather, raising the blinged out eyebrow.

"What do you want, Billy?" Heather asked in annoyance, although her eyes told a different story. She searched his face for something, and when she apparently hadn't found it, Billy saw her shoulders relax more.

"You set to get home by yourself tonight?" he merely asked. She looked at him for another long moment, and Billy felt like a bug under a microscope. He knew she'd give him the third degree the next time they were on shift together at the pool. He hoped desperately that he'd have good news to tell her.

"Yeah, whatever Hargrove," Heather said and then snapped her gum. Then she reached out and hugged him tight around the neck. Billy hugged her back, then cleared his throat as the girl Heather had been chatting too gave him another scathing look. When Heather pulled back she gave him an eye roll and shoved his shoulder, "Go on, go on."

Billy smirked at her and nodded, then headed back around. As he was making his way towards the glass doors leading into the house, he heard shouting. A girl is screaming, and Billy doesn't think as he moved quickly into the house. He pushed his way through the heavily forming crowd, and is suddenly faced with the vision of Steve beating the ever loving shit out of Tommy H.

If Billy wasn't so concerned with the fact that it didn't look like Steve was going to stop, he would have fucking laughed. It was about time someone gave the little fucker a dose of reality.

Uninterested in the rest of the crowd, Billy stepped forward and

behind Steve, then hauled him off of the bloody boy on the ground. Billy didn't hesitate to start dragging Steve towards the staircase near the doors, and as he went he fucking yelled. He put every fucking ounce of the asshole he was so good at becoming into his voice as he did it.

"All of you mother fuckers are going to get the fuck out of here! Now! I don't want a single one of you fuckers left here in the next five minutes. You fucking understand me?" Billy shouted, making eye contact with as many people as he can to get the message across that he wasn't fucking around.

And then it's pandemonium. As he hauled Steve up the steps, he watched as the flood gates apparently open and there was a mass exodus of people from Steve's house. He'd be impressed with the sheer amount of people that had managed to get squeezed inside if he wasn't so horrified.

"Thas allotta people. Holy *shit*. Like a *river*. How many're there? Why're you yellin' Hargrove? Wh' time's it? Wh'res Rob'n?" Steve's voice murmured. All his words slurred together and Billy was fucking *pissed* that Steve got himself so fucked up that he didn't even know what was going on, during his own fucking party.

"Shut up, Harrington. Just shut the fuck up," Billy muttered back. The other boy fell silent, and as Billy nearly carried him into the first bathroom he found on the second floor, he shoved Steve in and turned on the light. It made Steve wince, and Billy felt a small bit of satisfaction that Steve had to face it.

"Come on, pretty boy. We aren't leaving until you puke all that shit up," he said to Steve, watching the boy open his eyes in the mirror and make eye contact with Billy. He watched the glazed gaze drift over Billy's face and the boy swayed a bit on his feet. When his eyes drifted finally to the collar of Billy's shirt and widened slightly when they caught on the smear of red lipstick against the white cotton.

God damn Heather and her stupid fucking lipstick , Billy thought to himself right before Steve lurched for the toilet and yakked everything up. Billy lurched with him and steadied the other boy with a hand on his waist, the other going straight for Steve's hair. It's

just as soft as he fucking imagined it, and he stroked it gently between his fingers.

“Good job, pretty boy. It’s alright now. Get it all out. It’s okay, I got you,” Billy found himself saying softly. He didn’t care if Steve heard him or not. The words just seemed to tumble from his lips.

He wondered when he’d learned how to speak so softly, when all he’d been surrounded by for as long as he could remember were sharp words.

He watched as Steve finished heaving, and he immediately tensed and straightened up. His hands are dislodged as Steve turned and shoved back at Billy, making him land on his ass on the bathroom floor. Billy stared at him in disbelief. Part of him wanted to laugh that his pretty boy had a spark to him, but the other part wanted to lock his wrists in his grip and show him who was boss.

“Don’t fucking touch me, asshole,” Steve growled out. He swayed on his feet as he stood in front of the sink, and Billy watched as he rinsed his mouth out with mouthwash. Billy licked his lips and sighed through his nose, maybe he should have left as soon as he’d realized Steve was drunk. There was no way he’d listen to anything Billy had to say now.

“I did you a fucking favor, Harrington,” Billy snapped back.

“Yeah, some fucking favor. I had my shit handled,” Steve said, petulantly crossing his arms and glaring at Billy.

“Clearly,” Billy scoffed, “Beating the ever loving shit out of Tommy in front of a thousand witnesses? Fucking seemed handled to me. Everyone and their mother trashing the shit out of your house while you fucking stood there like an idiot? Real fucking solid plan you had there!”

“Why the fuck would you care anyway? He deserved it, and I can take care of my fucking self,” pretty boy snarled back. Billy wanted scream.

“Oh! Of course! Fucking *princess* Harrington can take care of himself!

Obviously! ” he shouted back. While he wanted nothing more than to tell Steve that he didn’t *have* to take care of himself. Wanted to tell him that Billy would take care of him.

“Shut the fuck up! Just shut up! I don’t need you of all fucking people to take care of me! It’s not fucking real, remember? It’s all just fucking *bullshit* !” Steve screamed back. He wobbled slightly as he reached out to shove at Billy, and it’s pitifully easy to catch his wrists and toss them back at Steve. Steve stumbled back with the movement and Billy practically sees the steam coming out of his ears.

“Harrington, you better shut your fucking mouth before I shut it for you,” Billy replied through gritted teeth. He watched as Steve stepped back into his space. Billy had never really realized that they were almost the same height. Steve always seemed so small to him, like he could be folded into his arms and be held. Protected.

“Or what? You going to tell everyone what a fucking faggot I am? Fucking fairy princess Harrington. I’m sure you and Tommy and everyone else in Hawkins would love to fucking laugh over that one, right? Well I don’t give a shit! Go ahead and fucking tell everyone. Save your own fucking skin, but just fucking remember that I *know* it was real. I fucking *know it was*, ” Steve snarled and pushed a finger into Billy’s chest. His face is red and he looked fucking furious. Billy was almost positive he could see the glimmer of tears in his eyes.

But then he realizes the words that left Steve’s mouth. He realizes that Steve isn’t calling him out on his behavior, but beating himself up over his own.

The hope that had been a dim twinkle flares into a fucking black inside of Billy. He never realized how fucking cold he’d felt until that fire lit up inside of him. And as he had his fucking revelation, he watched as Steve slumped back against the counter. A frown created a crease between his eyebrows and Billy wanted to reach up and smooth it out. He wanted to fix it.

He had fucking hope now.

“Just get the fuck out of my house, Hargrove,” Steve whispered finally, staring at the ground in the same kind of defeat that Billy

knew so intimately.

The thundering of Billy's heart and the hope that swelled like a balloon in his chest made him feel as light as a feather. He felt as if he was in a fucking dream.

"Fucking Christ, you really are a piece of work, aren't you Harrington?" Billy muttered, almost in awe. Here was this fucking resilient, stubborn, *beautiful* boy. Just fucking standing in front of Billy, and he had the hope that he might just belong to him.

He saw Steve lift his face, a glare taking over his features again, but Billy didn't give him the chance to say anything. Because he swallowed his fear, and stepped up against Steve, and pressed their lips together, as if this brown eyed pretty boy was the only thing that could save him in this fucked up world.

He felt Steve's body go limp against him in what feels a lot like relief to Billy. One of his arms went around the other boy's thin waist, while the other found a home on Steve's neck. Holding on dearly as their lips slid together firm and slick and hot and fucking magnificent.

Billy realized that if *that* was how kissing was supposed to feel, then no wonder girls wanted to do it so much.

Steve opened his lips and Billy felt his tongue slip against his own. He opened his mouth and let Steve lick into it, while the boy let out a moan that could rival a fucking porn star. The brunet boy reached up then and tangled his hands into Billy's hair, giving it a hard tug that had Billy panting through their kiss at the feeling.

He wanted to fucking *wreck* this boy. Wanted to feel those hands in his hair as he swallowed down Steve's dick and made him come down his throat. Wanted those hands gripping his shoulders as he pressed inside of his tight, hot entrance and they became a single fucking entity. He wanted to be fucking consumed by this god damn pretty boy.

He felt Steve's hardness against his hip, and knew that Steve could absolutely feel his own cock against his hip. As Steve hitched his hips

and made a sweet sound of need, Billy immediately slotted a thigh between his sweet pretty boy's legs and let him press against his body.

He watched as Steve's head dropped back, pulled away from Billy's lips with a moan at the feeling of pressure from Billy's thigh on his cock. Heat seared up Billy's spine like an inferno, and his fingers tightened on the tiny waist in his hands. Billy felt like a beast, and he lunged forward to latch his lips onto Steve's throat. The pale column of flesh that had called to him for fucking *months*. Maybe it had fucking called to him when he'd been in fucking California. He felt desperate and strung out, like Steve was the best kind of drug, and he knew he was fucking addicted.

"Please don't stop. Please, please don't stop," Steve begged. The sound was so delicious that Billy had to pause and take a breath so that he wouldn't come in his fucking pants like a fucking kid. Slowly, he pulled away to look at the other boy, to see how red those pouty lips had gotten from just kissing him. He felt Steve clutch at his shirt in a panic and when he looked into Steve's eyes he saw them swimming with tears.

They both pant in the quiet of the bathroom, and Billy is positive that Steve Harrington is fucking *it* for him. Nothing else in the world would ever compare. This fucking boy with his name, written on the most intimate part of his body. This fucking pretty boy which holds Billy's heart in the palm of his perfect fucking hands.

"Please," Steve begged on a whimper. And Billy knew that he was powerless to do anything but what his pretty boy asked of him.

"Fuck, baby. I'm not going anywhere," Billy replied. His voice unrecognizable with the desire that coursed through him. He can't stand the sight of those tears in his pretty boy's eyes, so he leaned forward and sucked his lips back up with his own. His hands came up and framed Steve's face, his thumbs tenderly wiping away the tears that had managed to escape. Billy's heart ached in his chest at the thought of how sad his pretty boy was. His tongue dipped into Steve's mouth and the boy sucked on it so sweetly, and Billy was fucking done for.

Just a fucking goner, honestly.

They kiss, and Steve's hips twitched and reminded Billy of the rather large problem the other boy has. He had Steve begging for him to do something, and once again he was fucking powerless. He stroked the boy towards his orgasm, whispering words of encouragement and praise that he hadn't thought himself possible of doing. But when he saw how well Steve responds to them, he can't fucking stop himself.

When his pretty boy finally came, Billy had his lips against his neck. Tasting the salty flesh under them and nearly purred in contentment. He let Steve ride it out with a gentle hand guiding him through the aftershocks. Listened to the whimpering pants that his pretty boy let out with each wave of pleasure. He knew that he'd never heard anything as wonderful as that. And he realized that he couldn't give less of a fuck about his own hardness in his jeans, still pressed against Steve's hip. If he could only give pleasure to Steve for the rest of his life, and take nothing for himself, he'd still die a happy man.

And then it's silent in the bathroom. Steve's breathing evened out and the both of them were still. Billy waited for Steve to shove him back. To ultimately decide that he wasn't good enough. Or to remind him of Billy's harsh words from the night before. To tell him exactly what Billy had tried to pawn off on him in the parking lot.

"You're going to leave me again, aren't you," Steve said instead.

The shock that radiated through Billy's body is like a tsunami. His thoughts flashed rapidly through his head as he considered the words. They weren't a question. It was as if Steve was resigned to the fact that Billy would leave him and never return. The thought broke Billy's heart clean in two.

But he also knew how fucking selfish it would be to keep this pretty boy for himself.

He knew what kind of damaged he was. He knew he had anger issues. He knew that he would never be good enough for Steve and his perfect life. He knew that if Neil ever found out that he was a sure as dead. He knew that he'd give everything up for this boy in his arms, even if it meant losing everything when he realized just how

fucked up Billy actually was.

Billy breathed in shakily against Steve's neck and tried to control the raging storm of negative thoughts in his head. All while holding back the hot tears that threatened to spill. Before he can stop it, a small sob escaped his throat, and his shoulders quivered under Steve's hands.

He heard Steve make a questioning sound in the back of his throat, and then moved his hand up into Billy's hair. He felt Steve tug on them gently, trying to pull back his head to see his face, and as always, he's unable to deny his pretty boy what he wants.

He lifted his head and stared back into Steve's deep brown doe eyes, not even attempting to hide what he was feeling from the other boy. It was more terrifying than anything he'd ever done before.

"I don't want to leave, Steve," Billy whispered finally. He hoped with everything in his heart that he's read the situation the right way. He hoped that maybe somehow this would all work out in the end.

"Then don't," Steve replied, quiet and tired.

"It's not that easy, pretty boy," Billy said softly, and he watched as Steve looked at him. *Really* looked at him. And he wondered if Steve could finally see him.

"I want to show you something..." Steve whispered back.

His eyes frantically searched across Billy's face, and he wondered what he might be looking for. But before he can ask, the brown eyed boy took a deep breath and began to pull away from him. Billy couldn't help the way his hands tightened in a pitiful attempt to keep Steve from leaving. He knew deep down that if Steve truly wanted to leave that he would let him go. It would absolutely break him, but he would do it.

"It's okay, I'm not going anywhere," Steve said in between them. His face went soft, and Billy's heart thumped with the burning brightness of hope that he'd felt earlier. Now a smoldering warmth in his chest, instead of the raging inferno he'd felt earlier. It filled that dark spot

inside of him with all kinds of light, and Billy was helpless to the feeling.

Billy finally nodded his head a bit, and watched as Steve reached down to the hem of his shirt. He grabbed the edges and Billy was about to ask what he was doing, when Steve pulled his shirt off, over his head.

Billy watched his pretty boy's eyes clenched shut and his mouth open as he panted like a racehorse after the Kentucky derby.

He was about to ask what the strip show was all about, when his eyes catch on a flash of black.

Letters written over Steve's left pectoral, directly above his heart.

Black and thick and neat.

The same letters that Billy wrote at the top of every paper in school.

His fucking name.

His own fucking name was written on Steve's body.

His fucking soulmate.

His.

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings:

Child Abuse

Homophobic Language

Internalized Homophobia

Sexual Content

Some Violence

8. Part Eight

Summary for the Chapter:

Well... Hello there.

As usual, I have no excuses for such a long time in between updates, other than that life is difficult to manage and I am trying my best. And I hope that you'll all understand.

Your comments and kudos give me inspiration, (even outside of writing) and remind me that I am doing well, so thank you to all of you that continue to leave comments and kudos, and I hope that if you're reading this, you'll leave a kind word, or a constructive criticism or a kudo. Because they truly mean the world. All of your responses on the last chapter were wonderful and I really appreciated them.

As Always, there is a more detailed warning in the End Notes of this chapter for anyone that needs a bit more description of what to expect!

Disclaimer: I do not own the Stranger Things universe or any of its characters. I'm just trying to make wine from their grapes. Also, I DO NOT have a Beta, so any and All mistakes are my own.

Thank you so much for reading, and enjoy!
-Psuedonym

Part Eight

Hungry Like The Wolf - Duran Duran

Pour Some Sugar On Me - Def Leppard

All Night Long (All Night) - Lionel Richie

Steve had felt fear before.

He'd recognized it when his parents had gone on a business trip and left him home alone for an entire long weekend when he'd been seven years old. He'd felt it the first time he'd seen the Demogorgen coming through the walls of the Byer's house. He'd known it when he'd realized Nancy Wheeler was pulling away from him in their relationship. He'd seen it in Billy's eyes the night he'd beaten the shit out of him.

But never had he felt terror the way that he was now.

White spots were dancing behind his eyelids as he clenched them shut. His heart was going to explode in his chest, he just knew it. This was how he was going to fucking die.

Half naked in his upstairs bathroom exposing his biggest secret to the boy who was his soulmate.

And still he was met with silence.

Steve couldn't take it anymore.

" *Please,* " he begs. His voice shaking and cracking, "Please say something. Just say something."

The only sound is their combined breathing. Steve feels as though he's going to fall to the ground, because his legs are shaking so bad.

Finally he can't take it anymore and he opens his eyes. The light in the bathroom is harsh and he squints for a moment before his gaze lands on Billy's face. He expects the blonde boy to have a look of rage on his face. He expects Billy to shove him into the mirror. He expects him to be *angry*. But he doesn't see any of that in Billy's face.

No, no.

He sees that Billy is *crying*.

Big fat tears, no longer hidden in Steve's neck, are rolling down

Billy's flushed cheeks. His eyes are wide and fixed on the black letters that make up his own name on Steve's chest. His breath is gusting out of him, as if he just ran a marathon. Steve thinks that he's finally done it. He's finally *broken* Billy Hargrove.

Impenetrable, badass, no-fucks-to-give, Billy Hargrove.

Broken down because his name was on Steve's skin.

Steve swallows around the lump in his throat. His own eyes burning at the tremulous feeling overwhelming him at the moment. Out of all of the things he'd imagined Billy doing if he ever learned about Steve's mark, he thinks that this might be the worst.

"Look... Billy... It doesn't have to... To mean anything?" Steve says. The words taste like acid in his mouth. He wants to collapse to the ground and wrap his arms around Billy's legs. Beg him not to leave him. Not to *hate* him.

Billy looks up sharply from his name on Steve's chest and Steve is consumed by the look in Billy's eyes. Electric blue and slightly manic, glimmering with tears that continue to fall from them.

"God.. *Fuck*... Steve..." he murmurs into the space between them. Now Steve *really* knows that he's broken Billy Hargrove. No witty comeback? No sly comment on how he'd always known Steve was obsessed with him? Nothing. Steve wants the world to open up and swallow him whole.

"I know... I know it's not... *right* ... It's all fucked up, and I'm sorry I had to drag you into it... I just... I couldn't *live* with myself anymore if you didn't know... I don't expect... I mean... You don't have to do anything about it," Steve continues quietly. He isn't even sure the words coming out of his mouth are making any sense. The tight knot of hope that had been blossoming in his heart has sunk all the way into his stomach. Steve thinks he might be sick again.

"Steve. Listen. Wait... What?" Billy's voice is sharp, and Steve can hear just as much confusion in it as he seems to be feeling.

With a sigh Steve tries to straighten up, and reaches for his shirt

again. He imagines that he might be able to salvage something with Billy if he covers up fast enough. Maybe he might be able to form some kind of friendship... Convince Billy that his name on Steve's skin didn't have to count for anything. He told himself that he'd be able to take it, watching Billy walk away from him and into another girl's arms...

Except, the thought alone made Steve want to bury himself in his blankets and never face the world again... How would he ever be able to content himself with anyone other than his *fucking* soulmate.

"Steve... No, stop," Billy's voice cuts through the devastating path Steve's thoughts were taking. His hand is firm on Steve's wrist and stops him from retrieving his shirt. Steve looks back at the other boy, whose face pinches with confusion, but also an expression that Steve's never quite seen on Billy's face before... Something that looks an awful lot like the hope that Steve felt rising back into his chest.

"I told you, it doesn't have to matter... I just wanted you to know," Steve says softly.

"Just! *Wait* a goddamn second, pretty boy. Stop putting words in my mouth! Fucking Christ," Billy snaps, and then reaches up to rub his forehead. Steve watches as he brushes some of his gold curls from his forehead and casts his ocean eyes up to the ceiling. It's dead silent in the bathroom now, and Steve feels his palm begin to sweat. He keeps his mouth closed, however, hoping against everything he knows in his head that he might have been wrong.

"I just need to... I just have to show you something, alright?" Billy finally says, his voice is resigned and Steve feels his heart flutter into his throat with anticipation. He doesn't dare to speak. The hope inside of him feels as if it's choking him. Flooding through every single pore of his body.

Billy draws his body back a pace and gives Steve another look. His azure eyes linger on his name on Steve's skin and Steve hears the enormous breath the boy takes. Then he watches Billy's hands drift to the front of his jeans, his thick fingers pop the button on his fly, and slowly pull down the zipper.

Steve's mouth goes dry, and his eyes are pinned to the sight. Billy is still hard, pressed up against the front of the worn denim. Steve wants to press his face against it and feel the warmth seep into his skin. But Billy does not stop there, instead he pushes the tight jeans slightly down his thighs, and reveals that he is *not* in fact wearing any underwear underneath the denim.

Steve nearly falls to his knees in fucking worship as Billy Hargrove's dick comes free of it's material prison and springs into the open air. Hard, thick and throbbing between them. Steve isn't exactly the type to look a gift horse in the mouth, although he hasn't quite followed where Billy wanted to go with this entire display.

He licks his lips and breathes out through his nose before glancing up from Billy's dick and back at Billy's eyes, which are fixed on him and darkening with arousal.

"What... What now?" Steve asks. He's sure that Billy is going to push him to the ground by his shoulders and take his hair in his hands before fucking his face... He thinks back to when he caught Billy in his car with that random girl at the party... What was that, only a few weeks ago? And now... Well...

"I know you're already getting wet for my dick, pretty boy, but I need you to focus for a second," Billy says. His voice is deeper and there's a current of sexual tension in it. Steve's eyes flutter shut at the sound and he wishes desperately to hear him whisper other vulgar things to him with that voice.

"Come on, pretty boy. *Look* ," Billy murmurs, and Steve opens his eyes to find Billy wrapping his large hand around his dick. Steve's head feels as though it's filled with fluff, but he nods anyway and tries his best to do what Billy is saying. He looks back down at the thick erection in Billy's hand. The tip already has a bead of fluid at the top and Steve is overcome with the need to lick it off.

He's about to tell Billy exactly that, when he finally realizes what he's looking at.

On the top of Billy's dick, in Steve's scrawling, messy handwriting, is his name.

His fucking name .

Is on Billy Hargrove's *dick*.

Billy is his soulmate.

And he is Billy's.

The revelation is so startling that Steve gasps for air. His eyes flash up to Billy's dark ones, and although he sees the obvious arousal in them, he also sees the soul wrenching terror in them.

And while Steve knows that he can be an oblivious dumbass a lot of the time, he realizes that Billy thinks that Steve is going to *reject* him.

Even after showing him his own name over Steve's heart.

And in the space of two seconds, Steve has thought back on every moment they'd spent together.

"Oh God, it was *so obvious*, " Steve says breathlessly. He watches Billy stiffen at the words, but he's beyond the point of giving Billy a chance to close himself away.

He's never going to let him pull away again.

Because Billy is *his* and he is *Billy's* .

Without another word, Steve launches himself at the other boy, his bare chest colliding with Billy's and his hands reaching up to wrap in Billy's gold curls. He feels the stiffness in Billy's body, clearly confused as to what was happening, but Steve doesn't give him the chance to think anything bad might happen.

He's done with waiting.

He's done with them both hurting.

He's done with anything that involves the two of them not being together, like they are meant to be.

Fucking *soulmates*.

“Kiss me, *oh God*, if you don’t kiss me right now I’ll fucking kill you,” Steve whispers, his lips only a hairs breadth from Billy’s. Their eyes meet, and he’s so close that he can see tiny specks of gold in the blue of Billy’s eyes. He wants to spend the rest of his life counting them, like they were fucking stars.

And then Billy is kissing him.

Their teeth scrape together and if Steve were pressed to use a word to describe it, *graceful* would not be the one he’d choose. It’s messy and desperate and filled with a kind of insatiable hunger that Steve feels burning through his body like wildfire. Something that can’t be contained now that it’s been let loose in the world.

Billy’s hair is soft between his fingers where he grips it, and their tongues slip languidly against each other. Tasting and sucking, wet and messy between them as they both gasp and pant like they’ve been underwater and have finally come up for air. Steve feels one of Billy’s hands grip the back of his neck, and the firm feeling of it makes Steve melt further into him. Billy’s free arm wraps securely around Steve’s bare waist and he crushes them together, as if there was any possible way for them to get closer.

Steve is positive that if they got any closer their atoms would merge together. They’ll be one solid being, instead of two parts of the whole. And that doesn’t seem like such a bad thing to Steve. He will gladly live out the rest of his life merged with Billy Hargrove.

“Fuck, pretty boy. You’re fucking *everything*,” Billy’s voice is hushed, but Steve can hear how utterly wrecked he is. He feels exactly like Billy sounds. Entirely wrecked for this golden boy with the walls built so high around his heart.

“Billy, *please*,” Steve begs against his lips, so soft and slicked with their combined spit. Steve opens his eyes and sees the lust and awe glazed in Billy’s red rimmed eyes. He knows that he must look the same. The inferno inside of him is pulling him in a hundred different directions. Each revelation hitting him in waves, over and over again, battering him against the jagged edges of his insecurities. Steve wonders if he’s truly lost his mind.

“Come on. I’ve got you,” Billy murmurs, and pushes their foreheads together. Breathing in each other’s air for a moment that seems to last an entire lifetime and barely a second. Steve feels Billy’s hand squeeze the back of his neck once, and it makes a shiver run down his spine. Billy feels it too, and his eyes darken as they stare back at Steve.

Without words, Steve starts moving towards the door of the bathroom. The memory that they are still at his (now empty) house has lodged itself back into his brain. They have the house to themselves, and Steve’s bedroom is just down the hall. Billy’s grip on his waist tightens a bit, but not painfully. Steve looks back at Billy with a look that Robin would *absolutely* make fun of him for. Fucking *moon* eyes. He knows he must look ridiculous, but Billy is looking at him like he’s just discovered the mystery of life.

“This way,” Steve says simply, nudging Billy out of the bathroom while holding onto his wrist. Completely ignoring the fact that they look like a pair of idiots. All flushed cheeks and eyes red from crying. Puffy, swollen lips, and Steve without his shirt. For fucks sake, Billy’s dick is still hanging out of his pants... But knows for a *fact* that he’s never seen anything more beautiful in his entire life.

Billy follows him silently down the hall with Steve walking backwards, unwilling to break eye contact with the boy who owns his heart so thoroughly. The hall is dark, since Steve didn’t bother to turn on the lights, and he fumbles for the doorknob. Once the door is pushed open, he stumbles back into his room, his grip never faltering on Billy’s wrist as they enter.

The curtains are open and the lights from the pool and the backyard shines in through the glass. It’s enough to see Billy’s face washed out in the white light. His eyes look almost black in the shadows of Steve’s room, and Steve wonders if his heart might give out from how fucking *devastatingly handsome* he looks.

For a second they simply stand there, in the darkness of Steve’s bedroom. Breathing deeply and quietly, and just *looking* at each other. Part of Steve searches for the feeling of awkwardness that should come from this kind of interaction, but there’s nothing there. The only thing he can feel in his heart is the perfection of the

moment. As if every single decision he'd ever made in his life had led to this moment. As if the universe was finally sighing in relief. As if they were *exactly* where they were meant to be.

Billy reaches behind him and shuts the door quietly, never fully turning away from Steve. As the door closes, Billy's lips twist into a smirk, but it is nothing like the angry expression that's been filled with malice in the past. No, it's a look that promises Steve that every filthy thought he'd ever had about Billy Hargrove was one thousand percent correct. This boy would fucking ruin him for anyone else in the world, Steve knew it with every fiber of his being.

"Strip, pretty boy," Billy's voice is soft in the darkness of Steve's room, and fills every corner of Steve's thoughts. His eyes flutter at the sound, his heart galloping in his chest. He doesn't move for a long moment, and when he feels a hand on his neck he opens his eyes again. Billy is now standing directly in front of him, only an inch of space between them, and the heat from his body radiates into Steve. Billy's eyes stare so deeply into his own that Steve wonders if he's reading his damn mind.

"I said *strip* . Don't make me say it again," Billy says. His voice is as hard as steel, but Steve can see the softness in his face. Such softness that he'd never imagined from Billy Hargrove before. His heart swells in his chest, and he nods almost frantically.

As he reaches for the button on his jeans Billy steps away from him and starts to move around the room. He goes to the door and flicks the lock into place, despite the fact that Steve's sure they're all alone. Steve drags the zipper down and watches as Billy casts a look around the rest of the room, and then makes his way to the window and snaps the curtains closed. The room is plunged into complete darkness and Steve's heart launches itself into his throat. His hands freeze and he desperately gasps out something that sounds like Billy's name.

He can't do the darkness. Not when his mind begins to play tricks on him and reminds him of the monsters that truly linger in the shadows. Steve clasps a hand over his eyes, despite the fact that it's pitch black in the room and he tries to count to ten. Tries to remind himself that he's in his room. He's on the right side. He's safe. They're

gone. He's okay.

"Steve?" Billy's voice breaks through his spiraling thoughts. And Steve wants to come back to the moment, but he's been cast back to that tunnel, and the sound of monsters is ringing in his ears, and the phantom feeling of their slimy bodies against his legs makes the panic escalate inside his head.

"Baby! Hey! Oh fuck. Come back to me, baby. What's wrong?" The voice- Billy's voice, his brain reminds him- is filled with it's own brand of panic. Sharp and commanding, and sounding like a threat to cover up the sensitivity of the reaction. Steve feels a gentle grip on his hand that's covering his eyes, like a child trying to hide from the monster in the closer.

He feels Billy pull his hand away, but he keeps his eyes shut tight. He counts to ten again.

"Open your eyes, Steve. I'm right here, look at me," Billy's voice still holds that sharp edge of danger, and somewhere inside of him, Steve sees what it actually means. The sharper Billy gets, the more scared he is. Billy is scared too.

Steve opens his eyes.

The light on his bedside table has been turned on, and buttery light spills throughout the room. Billy stands before him, azure eyes wide and filled with panic, one hand holding Steve's against his chest, while the other cups his cheek. Steve realizes that he's gasping for air and trembling. He wonders faintly if he's fucked up enough to make Billy finally leave him.

"That's right, there you are. I'm right here, baby. Breathe with me," Billy says, keeping eye contact with Steve. Steve doesn't think before he stumbles forward the last few inches into Billy, desperately clinging to him. His hindbrain expects Billy to push him away and storm out of the room, and the thought makes him grip the other boy harder.

But Billy doesn't do either of those things.

He doesn't hesitate to hold onto Steve. His arms tight around Steve's bare shoulders, keeping him together while it feels as though he might shake apart.

"I'm sorry," Steve gasps out, his face nestled into the tender skin of Billy's warm neck. The heat of Billy seems to be the only thing that's bringing him back from that frigid, dark place in his memories.

Billy doesn't reply to Steve's words, and only shushes him gently. Steve can feel one of Billy's hands tangling into his hair while the other runs up and down the ridge of Steve's spine.

It's a long time before Steve's trembling comes to a stop and his heart no longer feels as though it's going to sprint out of his chest. He breathes in the heady scent of Billy's skin and let's his warmth seep into his bones. He pulls back a little bit, letting his eyes fully adjust to the light that bathes the room. Billy pulls back as well and brings a hand up under Steve's chin, his calloused fingers fit perfectly under his jaw and the hollow under his ear. Billy tilts Steve's head up until Steve is looking at him again.

Steve swallows and waits for Billy to demand an answer for what just happened. He imagines Billy teasing him for being afraid of the dark, and he wonders if his heart will be able to take it. But that doesn't happen.

Instead Billy leans in and presses his lips to Steve's. It's an achingly tender press of their lips, and Steve can feel the words that Billy isn't saying as crystal clear as anything.

Everything's alright.

I'm here with you.

When you are ready, I'll be here.

Steve whimpers softly at the feeling, and tries to press forward even more, but Billy pulls back from him. There's a small quirk of a smile on his lips, and Steve's heart stutters in his chest at the sight.

"Come to bed, baby," Billy says quietly. Steve can only nod dumbly and nearly trip over his own feet as he walks to the bed. He feels

Billy's gaze on him, as he pushes his jeans down over his hips, though he leaves his boxers on. He settles himself under the covers and when his eyes find Billy again they widen as he watches him strip off his own shirt.

The sight of sun kissed skin that ripples over his gorgeously broad shoulders makes something ignite in Steve's belly. But Billy doesn't seem to notice, and instead of pushing down his jeans, he buttons them back up, completely unembarrassed that his cock has been out this entire time. Although, it is a nice cock, Steve thinks. Billy toes off his shoes and then slides under the covers on the other side of the bed.

He turns on his side until he's facing Steve, and Steve can only stare at the beautiful boy across from him. Sharing his bed. His fucking *soulmate* .

"Fuck, come here. Can't stand you being so far away," Billy huffs, and snatches Steve with a sure grip. Pulling Steve's slimmer body into the wall of warm muscle that is his own. They wiggle into a comfortable position that finds Steve's head nestled under Billy's chin, and their legs tangled together. Their hearts beating in tandem as they simply lay pressed together.

"Leave the light on?" Steve asks, his voice is tiny against Billy's collar bone, lips dragging against the heated skin.

"Yeah, gorgeous. Now get some sleep. Maybe you won't be so hungover in the morning," Billy replies, his arm tightening over Steve's waist. Steve doesn't have a clever comeback, and merely nods his head, nuzzling his nose into the other boy.

He's asleep before he realizes it.

Safe and complete.

Finally where he belongs.

Where they both belong...

-*-

When Steve wakes up again, the bed is empty.

He launches himself upright, frantically scanning the room for any signs that everything wasn't a dream.

The bedside light is still on, and the curtains are drawn, but the room is still in a way that feels like it hasn't been disturbed in a long time. Steve's heart begins to pound, and he's about to leap from the bed to begin a house wide search, when his bedroom door is opened quietly, and Billy slips into the room. A glass of water clutched in one hand and a bottle of Advil in the other. He's still shirtless and wearing just his jeans, but his hair is mussed like he's slept on it, and Steve is almost positive that there's a pillow line on his cheek.

"You're still here," Steve breathes out the words in awe. Billy's eyes snap up to his, and he hesitates for a second. But then he closes the door and moves next to the bed.

"Drink this and take these," Billy says in response, holding out the glass of water and the bottle of pills. Steve takes it and removes three pills from the bottle before he swallows them and sucks down the water, sure that he's never tasted anything as heavenly in all his life. When he's done, Billy takes the glass out of his hands along with the pill bottle and puts them on the bedside table before sitting down on the bed again, his back against the headboard.

Steve stares at him, still not entirely convinced yet that it isn't a dream.

"You're still *here*, " Steve says again, and Billy rolls his eyes, but there's no sharpness or annoyance in the gesture.

"Told you, pretty boy, I'm not going anywhere," Billy says, reaching out to stroke his fingers against Steve's cheek. Steve shudders at the heat and moves without consciously deciding too. He scrambles over, nearly getting tangled in the sheets as he throws a leg over Billy's lap and straddles his thighs. His head is above Billy's in this position and he looks down at the other boy. The beautiful, blonde, California boy that is in bed with him, whose hands settle on Steve's slim hips, and whose eyes are locked onto the blocky script over Steve's heart.

"Can't believe this isn't a dream," Billy's voice is barely a whisper, voicing Steve's exact thoughts. Except his thoughts are also beginning to derail and his dick is twitching with interest behind the flimsy barrier of his thin cotton boxers. He wiggles minutely on Billy's lap and feels his hands tighten on his hips.

"Careful, princess," Billy mutters, teeth gritted. His ocean blue eyes snap up to catch on Steve's gaze, and Steve chews on his lip. Heat slithers up his spine and his cock twitches again between them. There is no way Billy doesn't notice it, but he doesn't make any moves either. It makes Steve stop to think for a moment.

"I know, we have to talk about... All of this..." he says and Billy's eyes go a bit harder at the words. Steve scrambles to keep the softness he'd found between them. "I know we have *a lot* to talk about, but I swear to God, I'll go fucking insane if you don't touch me right now."

As soon as the words are out of his mouth, it's as if the dam holding back his desperation is dissolved. His cock hardens completely and strains indecently against the fabric. There's a drop of sweat that Steve can feel on the back of his neck, and his breath comes a bit shorter. He does nothing though, except wait for Billy to make the next move.

He won't go further unless Billy wants it too.

He won't fuck this up.

Not this time.

He's willing to wait as long as it takes...

It turns out he doesn't have to wait very long. Billy moves with a kind of grace that Steve hadn't expected of him. The same kind of grace that a great white shark has when it slips through the darkness of the ocean. Massive and hulking yet somehow beautiful in its movements.

Billy takes hold of Steve and flips them easily, landing Steve on his back on the crumpled sheets. The breath leaves Steve's lungs as he

finds himself staring up at the golden figure above him. Billy's eyes are dark and they skate across Steve's exposed skin, leaving a train of heat in their wake.

"You have no fucking idea what you do to me," Billy says as he hovers over Steve's body, Steve's legs spreading wide to accommodate his hips nestled between them. Steve lets out a slightly hysterical giggle at the words.

"Neither do you," he replies with a small smile, his eyes getting hazy with how turned on he's getting. He sees that shark smile appear on Billy's face, the one that always used to accompany a snappy remark or a sneer. This time, it's filled with dirty intentions that promise Steve he might have gotten himself in over his head.

"Oh, baby. I've got a pretty good idea," Billy murmurs, his voice dipping lower and getting rougher. Steve unconsciously arches up towards the boy on top of him, his breath leaving him in a stutter, but Billy doesn't stop there. He moves so he is kneeling between Steve's spread thighs, both hands shifting from the bed covers to run down from Steve's shoulders, down his chest and across the bumps of his ribs. Steve bites his lip at the feeling of the calluses on Billy's fingers catching slightly on his soft vulnerable skin. Billy's hands finally make it to his hips, and they squeeze them, before running along the line of Steve's boxers.

"Look at this, pretty boy. Looks like someone's excited," Billy grins, his tongue pressed to his teeth and his eyes a bit wild. Steve feels like prey. Utterly helpless in the jaws of a predator, "Is that all for me, baby? Your pretty cock getting wet for me?"

Steve's hips hitch upward, his cock straining the material desperately. A whine gets caught in Steve's throat as he squirms under the intense gaze of the beautiful boy above him.

Steve has fucked plenty of girls. He's known the right things to say, he's known what moves to pull, and how to turn them into a pile of mush. He's never realized that all of those things would work on him.

And yet here he was, acting like a bitch in heat as he arches up towards Billy, who kneels above him, looking entirely too much like

a God for his own good. His hair a wild mess on his head, but golden in the lamplight, and his lips shiny and red. He looks at Steve like he's an offering, made for him to savor and enjoy. And in some ways, Steve *was* made for Billy. Just as Billy was made for him.

Soulmates.

The word resounds in Steve's mind with such clarity and assurance that he feels peace settle into his heart that he hasn't known before in his life. A puzzle piece finally slotted into place, an aching hole inside of him that's finally filled.

"Don't tease me, Billy. I need you. *God*, I fucking need you," Steve whines, his eyes hooded as he stares up at Billy. He watches as something snaps in Billy's gaze, and in the next moment his hands are back in motion. His fingers curl into the material of Steve's boxers and start tugging them downward. Maneuvering them over the rigid length of Steve's hard cock and slipping them down Steve's thighs.

Billy's eyes remain glued to the sight of Steve's dick, resting against his lower abdomen, flushed and pink with arousal. A pearl of precum drips from the slit, and a groan leaves Billy's mouth. Steve opens his mouth to beg Billy once more to touch him, or else he was going to explode out of his skin, but his words are morphed into a moan. Because Billy has lunged forward and swiped his tongue up the length of Steve's dick.

"Oh god. Oh fuck! Billy!" Steve nearly screams as Billy's lips wrap around the head and suckle gently, his tongue probing at the slit as if begging for more of the salty slick precum. One of his hands comes up and fondles Steve's balls, rolling them gently as his plush lips continue to suck on him.

Steve can't help but babble incoherently at the sublime feeling. He's not sure what all the other girls that had ever sucked his dick had done wrong, but getting his dick sucked had *never* felt this incredible.

"Fuck, Billy. Oh god damn, that's fucking perfect," Steve whimpers as Billy lifts up a bit to deliver a few kitten licks to the head. Steve chances a glance down at the boy and his heart nearly explodes at

the sight of Billy licking him, a dirty, self satisfied look plastered on his handsome face.

“I didn’t realize how easy it would be to get you this fucked up for me, princess. All it takes is a little sucking and you’re crying for it like a little slut,” Billy’s words are gentle, but they vibrate into Steve’s cock, and he groans at the feeling. Billy lets out a laugh against the delicate skin and sucks a kiss to the vein on the underside of Steve’s dick. Heat flashes through Steve’s body and his balls tighten.

“I’ve fucking dreamt of sucking your pretty cock since I first fucking saw you. God you taste so fucking good, come on baby, give me more,” Billy murmurs, a look of bliss on his face as he slurps up the next bubble of precum that slips from Steve’s tip. A strangled noise leaves Steve’s throat and his hands shoot down to grip the gorgeous blonde curls. They were just as soft as he’d always dreamed they’d be.

“You keep that up, I’m going to end this party before it fucking begins,” Steve pants out. Billy pulls away from Steve’s cock with an obscene pop, and Steve groans as if he was fucking shot. Billy doesn’t look disappointed though. Oh no. He fucking *grins* at Steve as if he knew a secret that Steve didn’t, and it made Steve’s heart pound and his stomach tighten.

“You gonna come already, baby? Just from a little sucking on this pretty cock? Fuck, that’s fucking hot, pretty boy. Let me taste your cum, yeah?” Billy says the words, and Steve feels as though his body is on fire. The sound of Billy’s rough voice along with the dirty talk is a lethal combination, and Steve knows he’s done for.

He also knows that he’ll die happily if he’s got Billy’s mouth wrapped around his dick.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Steve chants, hips twitch upward towards Billy’s mouth, which seems so very far away from where he wants it. Billy groans softly and doesn’t waste another moment as he ducks his head down and licks up the rigid column of flesh again. A moan is punched out of Steve’s throat and his legs drop apart wantonly. He feels Billy’s large, calloused hands find purchase on his thighs,

spreading them even more before he settled his broad shoulders between them and swallowed Steve's cock with one sure movement.

Steve knows that he screams. He distantly wonders if the neighbors heard him, and then he realizes he doesn't care. Because Billy Hargrove is sucking his cock like he's *worshipping* it. His mouth moving easily up and down the hard flesh, sucking and slurping obscenely as if he couldn't get enough into his mouth. The velvety soft heat of Billy's mouth was the most fucking incredible thing Steve had ever felt in his short, miserable life. He hadn't lied to Billy when he'd said that he wouldn't last long.

He could feel the coil of his impending orgasm tightening in his stomach and his thighs twitched in Billy's grip. He felt so open and wanton, having the boy of his dreams sucking his cock as if it was a fucking life source.

"Oh fuck, Billy. I'm going to cum... Fuck, *fuck!* " Steve hisses desperately, hips fucking upwards to get deeper into the warm mouth. Billy didn't resist, and instead of pulling off the way Steve had imagined he pressed forward even further until his nose was resting on Steve's pubic bone, and the tip of Steve's dick was slipping into the back of his throat. He was so close, that all it took was the feeling of Billy moving a hand up and one of his fingertips tracing lightly around the furled entrance tucked behind his balls.

Steve came with a shout, his eyes clenched shut as the white hot feeling of orgasm washes throughout his body. His hips jerk and he's lost to the sensation, pouring his release down Billy's throat. And the other boy merely takes it, something that has heat flaring through Steve at the thought. He twitches as the aftershocks begin to run through his body, and he slumps onto the bed in a boneless heap.

He feels Billy pull off of his cock finally, and he hisses as the boy licks at the softening flesh. Steve blarily looks down at the boy still between his thighs and watches as Billy's eyes close and a look of euphoria crosses his face. He runs his tongue so softly up the length of Steve's cock, gently licking the head clean and kissing the red flushed skin. Steve's positive he's never seen anything as dirty, yet as incredibly endearing as this.

Finally, Billy opens his eyes and presses one more kiss to the head of Steve's now completely softened cock. He doesn't hesitate as he presses another kiss to Steve's inner thigh, and then his hip, up his stomach, and coming to rest above the name over Steve's heart. Steve's heart pounds even harder at the sight and his breath hitches as Billy presses a reverent kiss to the black script. His blue eyes glance back up, and Steve can't help himself.

He grips Billy's hair and hauls him up the last few inches towards his face. Smashes their lips together and slides his tongue into Billy's mouth. He can taste his own release inside of it, and he desperately sucks on Billy's tongue. Hungry for the taste of them together, a tangible thing that proves how perfect they are together.

Finally.

"Fucking gorgeous, pretty boy. I could make you come all day every day and I don't think it will ever get old," Billy murmurs against Steve's lips, sounding as if he's out of breath.

"You won't hear me complaining," Steve says back, and he revels in the huff of laughter against his lips. He pulls back slightly and sees the soft, fond look on Billy's face that makes it hard to believe that this isn't all a dream. If it weren't for the rock hard bulge pressed against Steve's hip through Billy's denim, he'd believe that he was about to wake up with sticky sheets and a raging hangover.

Steve bites his lip and glances down Billy's shirtless chest towards the obvious hardness in his jeans. He swallows lightly, and Billy must take it as some kind of hesitation instead of hunger, because he puts a hand under Steve's chin and looks into his face.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to, baby. I'm not going anywhere. Not anymore. I'll be here when you're ready," Billy says and heat prickles at Steve's eyes. He swallows around the lump in his throat, determined not to cry again like a fucking virgin about to get their cherry popped.

And yet he couldn't help but quiver as his thoughts began to tangle up again in his head. He wasn't a complete idiot when it came to sex. He'd fucked plenty of girls... And he definitely understood the

mechanics of two men fucking as well. A pitcher and a catcher... All that bullshit... But the thought of him doing it? Right now? With the boy that held his heart in his hands? That was an entirely different train of thought.

He could always try to front it and make Billy believe that he'd done it all before. And that he knew what he was doing... But that didn't quell the nervousness that had begun to rise up in his stomach.

"I can hear you thinking, Steve," Billy's voice cut through Steve's thoughts and he jolted back into the moment. Billy stared down at him with a question in his expression, and Steve realized that he had arched his hips away from Steve so that he couldn't feel his hardness anymore. Warmth flooded Steve's heart and he smiled dopily up at the beautiful boy on top of him.

"What?" Billy smirked, reading Steve's change in humor easily. He didn't wait as he gently took one of Steve's wrists into his grip and brought Steve's index finger to his mouth. Billy sucked on the digit slowly and softly and Steve's breath left him in a whoosh. Billy released his finger with a loud laugh, the sound of which made Steve's eyes widen and his heart pound firmly. He'd *never* heard Billy laugh quite like that before.

He wanted to make Billy laugh like that *forever*.

"You're so sensitive, pretty boy. Like you've never fucked before," Billy chuckles roughly sitting back up so that he was kneeling between Steve's thighs and staring down at him hungrily. Steve can't help but preen for a moment at the feeling of Billy's eyes leaving a heated trail on his skin. Billy laughs lightly again at Steve's obvious preening and reaches out to tweak one of Steve's pale pink nipples.

Steve yelps indignantly at the pinch and scrambles to move. Billy scoots back a bit as Steve pushes himself up onto his knees facing Billy. They're about the same height this way, and Steve is able to see everything in Billy's face.

He hesitates for just a single moment, before courage grips him and he reaches out to cup Billy's face in his hands. There's the slight roughness of stubble beneath his palms and one of his thumbs traces

the plump line of Billy's bottom lip. He watches with rapt attention as Billy's eyes flutter and his shoulders tremble. His breath which still smells of Steve's come washes over Steve, and he can't help but to inhale deeply. Some deep, primal part of him swelling up with pride that this boy is so fully marked as *his*.

"I was thinking about how I'm a little bit scared," Steve whispers between them. Billy's eyes flash open and Steve sees the moment of panic on his face that Steve is scared of *him*. Steve merely leans in and lays a sweet, chaste kiss on Billy's lips before pulling back again. The other boy looks placated, but obviously waiting for an explanation.

"You said it's like I've never fucked before... And I know that I've had sex before, but it's never meant anything like this," Steve says. His heart feels like it's flying out of his chest, and he knows that his filter is entirely gone. He wonders if Billy will laugh at him for what he's about to say, "It's never meant as much as it does now... You're *it* for me, Billy. I don't want anyone the way I want you... Even before I knew you had my name... It's always been you."

Steve stares and waits for Billy to speak. The boy's sapphire eyes darting around Steve's face and his chest heaving as his breaths grow heavier. Steve wonders if he's overstepped a boundary, and if he should pull back. Put distance between them.

The thought makes him sick to his stomach now that he knows what it feels like to be the center of Billy's attention. What it feels like to be Billy's entire world for one brief, shining moment.

His anxiety is beginning to surface again and he bites at his bottom lip, his hands twitching away from Billy's face as insecurity settles over his shoulders heavily. But he's stopped as Billy reaches up and holds Steve's hand to his cheek, the other hand reaching up to cup Steve's own face. Billy leans forward and presses their foreheads together, his eyes closing and a breath of relief shudders out of his chest.

Steve can feel the last dredges of tension leave Billy's body as the boy crowds into his space. His own anxiety ebbs away and he waits patiently for Billy to respond. He realizes that he'd wait forever for

Billy.

It's after a long time that Billy finally pulls back a bit. Steve watches as his eyes open, and he can't remember ever seeing such clarity in those deep ocean eyes since he's known this beautiful, tough boy with a shark smile, and tender hands. Billy's lips softened into a gentle smile that would almost out of place on his face, if it didn't make him look even more gorgeous than he normally did.

Billy presses forward and kisses Steve's lips once, twice, three times. Then the corner of his mouth, his cheek, his ear lobe, his temple, his nose, both eyelids, and across his other cheek, until they rest on his lips again. Steve can feel the devotion pouring out from Billy's movements and he sighs into the touch.

"Steve Harrington," Billy murmurs and Steve stares back at his gorgeous California boy.

"Yeah?" Steve whispers back, unable to speak louder incase he breaks the fragile moment between them.

Steve Harrington might be a bit of a dumbass, but he can tell when something important is about to happen.

"You're mine, pretty boy. And I think I've *always* been yours," Billy says finally.

Steve's heart leaps in his chest and he smiles so wide that it feels as though his cheeks might split. Billy smiles back at him and Steve can see the redness rising in his cheeks that is possibly the most endearing thing he's ever seen.

"Alright, alright. Don't get too excited," Billy says gruffly, but Steve can see the pink of his ears, and the glimmer of wetness in his eyes.

"I didn't say anything!" Steve said, unable to rein in his happiness. Billy merely rolls his eyes and tackles Steve to the bed, pinning him on his back and looks down at him with an unimpressed look. Steve knows better now, though. He *sees* Billy.

"You didn't have to say anything, princess. I can read your mind," Billy replies with a shark smile and Steve rolls his eyes. He can still

feel Billy's hardness pressing through his jeans into his thigh and a bolt of heat rockets through him as he becomes aware of it. Billy, for all his bullheadedness seems to sense the shift of tension in the air immediately. His eyes sharpen and catch on Steve's gaze, and Steve whines softly, without meaning too at the heat in his eyes. Steve's hips twitch upward, his knees drawing up and frame Billy's hips.

"Careful, gorgeous. Don't start something you aren't ready to finish," Billy's voice dips into a low growl and Steve trembles at the sound. It goes straight to his cock, which seems to have gotten the memo and twitches valiantly in an effort to fill out again. The movement draws Billy's eyes away from Steve's face, and Billy groans softly at the sight.

"Fuck if you aren't the most perfect fucking thing on earth. Me sucking your fucking brain out wasn't enough for you, pretty boy? Need something else to tire you out?" Billy asks, leaning close enough to breath Steve's own breath again.

"*Please*, oh fuck, Billy. *Please* . I want it," Steve whimpers. That seemed to settle that for Billy, and he lowers his head to Steve's chest again. Pressing one more kiss over his own name on Steve's pec before his lips latched onto one of Steve's nipples.

Steve moans deeply at the feeling and Billy rumbled back to him as his tongue ran over the pebbled flesh, suckling on it with purpose. One of Billy's hands moved down Steve's side, fingertips trailing lightly over his skin and making Steve tremble with anticipation. Billy moves to the other nipple, using his free hand to pinch at the one that had just left his mouth while the one moving down Steve's body finally circled around the slowly hardening flesh between Steve's thighs. He gave Steve's cock a firm squeeze which had Steve arching beneath him and moaning desperately.

"You sound like a fucking porn star, baby. A fucking *dream* I'm telling you," Billy mutters against Steve's chest and Steve shudders as he feels Billy's fingers trail down his dick, stroking carefully over his balls and then slipping down between Steve's ass cheeks.

"*Fuck*, Billy. Give me more. I fucking need it," Steve whimpers, grinding his hips down towards the press of Billy's fingers. In the

back of his mind he realizes that never in his life had he thought he would react this way to anyone. Except this wasn't just anyone. This was *Billy*. This was his *soulmate*.

"Please tell me you have lube. Fuck I'll even use fucking vaseline. Just let me get inside you, baby. Let me fill you up, gorgeous," Billy says and Steve can only moan and nod. He reaches weakly for the bedside table, but Billy beats him to it. He yanks open the drawer and deftly pulls out the half empty bottle of lube that Steve has been using to jerk off with.

Steve hears the cap snap open and his eyes flutter closed as he feels Billy's slick fingers trail down over his balls and rub tenderly against the furled entrance. He gently presses against the muscle, letting it relax gradually, and never penetrating. It feels as though he's petting Steve's hole with his fingers, and Steve pants with the stimulation. He feels Billy grab one of Steve's legs by the bend of the knee and push it up into Steve's chest. Steve heats up in what should be embarrassment at being so exposed, but he opens his eyes and sees the way Billy is watching his own fingers probe at Steve's entrance.

A high, reedy noise leaves Steve's throat at the sight and Billy looks up at him through his lashes and grins, sharp and dangerous. And suddenly, Steve isn't embarrassed as much as painfully turned on. He finally feels Billy press firmly against his rim with one slick finger, and as it slides inside of him Billy speaks softly.

"Relax, pretty boy. Let me take care of you. I'll always take care of you."

The words make Steve's heart flutter in his chest, and he does his best to relax his muscles. It didn't necessarily hurt, but it was a sensation that felt strange and foreign to him.

"God you just fucking sucked me right in, baby. Such a greedy little hole. So fucking *pretty* ," Billy seems to be talking to himself, but the words make Steve feel like he's about to burst into flames. Never in the history of his sex life has he ever felt so turned on. He'd thought that he'd always had pretty good sex, but now that he was the literal center of Billy's concentration and sex appeal, he realized that he had *no idea* what good sex actually was.

After a few moments, Steve whimpers and gently thrusts his hips upwards to meet the movements of Billy's finger. Each press sent a frisson of pleasure and the feeling of fullness through Steve's body. He's about to open his mouth to beg again when a second finger presses insistently on his rim, and his mouth opens on a loud moan instead.

Steve wonders if Billy hadn't been lying.

Maybe he really *can* read his mind.

As Billy's fingers curl slightly inside of him and brush against a spot inside of him that makes him fucking *shriek* in pleasure, he realizes that he doesn't give a fuck if the boy can read his mind or not. As long as he doesn't fucking stop *ever*.

"Don't fucking stop. Don't you dare fucking stop," he begs Billy breathlessly, his eyes barely open through the sheer pleasure he was experiencing, only to see that Billy's gaze was still glued to where his fingers were rapidly disappearing inside of Steve's body.

"That's your sweet spot, baby? That feel good? So god damn soft and tight around my fingers," Billy asks, single minded in his task to drive Steve out of his mind, apparently.

Steve's hips squirm and buck up, trying to meet Billy's hand. He can feel his release coiling in his stomach again, and the pleasure has started to overwhelm him. He can't quite remember why coming again isn't a good idea, or what they are waiting for. The only thing he wants is Billy's fingers inside of him as he cums as hard as possibly.

However, as he's thinking this, he doesn't quite realize how observant Billy is. As Steve feels his muscles contracting and his balls drawing up, Billy removes his fingers with an embarrassingly loud squelch. Steve nearly wails at the loss as Billy's hand clenches down tightly at the base of his cock. Steve's *not quite* orgasm washes through him, unsatisfying and entirely unfair. He whines and whimpers quietly, wiggling his hips pathetically as he internally screams for Billy's fingers to get back inside of him.

"*Billy*, " Steve gasps out the name. He can feel tears in his eyes as he looks up at Billy's face hovering above him. There's fire in Billy's ocean eyes, but Steve can see the softness there as well.

"Don't cry, baby. I'm right here... Just making sure you don't cum before I'm inside of you... Don't you want that baby? Don't you want to cum with my cock so deep inside of you that all you can feel is how full you are?" Billy asks in his rough, gravelly tone, and Steve gasps for air. He's so turned on that he thinks he might fucking *die*.

All he can do is nod his head in agreement. Billy is right after all, coming with Billy pressed deep inside of him feels like the best outcome of this situation. Except that doesn't stop him from panting and writhing beneath Billy. He watches as Billy ducks his head and kisses one of Steve's spread thighs before gently lapping at his soft balls. Steve twitches uncontrollably, but Billy only seems to enjoy Steve's inability to control himself.

Steve clenches the sheets in his fist, and then realizes that his grip could be in better places. He tangles his fingers through Billy's soft golden curls and tugs his face back up towards his own.

"Please, let me kiss you. Please, Billy, oh *fuck*," Steve begs.

Billy only shushes him, and if Steve was more focused he'd see the adoring smile painted on Billy's lips, "Anything you want, gorgeous. God, you're so fucking pretty. I knew you'd be like this... Fuck, I couldn't have dreamed it up any better. Fucking *perfect* for me. You're fucking *mine*, " Billy says, one hand framing Steve's sweaty face and brushing away the desperate tears from his cheeks.

"Yes, *fuck*, oh yes. Billy, *please, please, please* ," Steve moans. A brilliant blush paints his cheeks at how desperate he knows he is acting. He can't imagine being anything *but* desperate when he finally has the most incredibly handsome man between his thighs who also happens to be his soulmate...

Billy indulges him and leans down.

"Open your mouth for me, gorgeous," Billy murmurs, and Steve is helpless to do anything but what he's asked. His mouth opens and

Billy's tongue dips inside, stroking along his own and tasting every inch of his mouth. Steve can still taste the cum on his breath and he breathes it in like mad. He moans, even as Billy continues to ravage his mouth and soon he's pulling back to gasp for air. Billy takes it in stride and moves his mouth to Steve's neck, sucking along his pulse point, hard enough that Steve distantly realizes he'll have a mark there.

"Billy, oh fuck, baby. I need you inside me. *Please*. Come on. I fucking need it," Steve starts to beg again. A fleeting feeling of hot shame steals over him as he realizes how shameless he's being, but then Billy is sealing his lips back over Steve's and tenderly kissing away the anxiety.

Steve is convinced that Billy wasn't lying, and that he can definitely read his mind.

Blindly, Steve reaches down to undo the button and fly of Billy's skin tight jeans. He wonders how they got this far without Billy's pants coming off, because it seems like a fucking crime to not have his cock out by now. He refuses to stop kissing Billy as he does this, and finally he's able to push them down Billy's legs and off his feet (if not a bit clumsily). Steve can't help but break away and glance down again, and his eyes are caught on the flash of black on the hard flesh between Billy's thighs.

"*Oh fuck,* " Steve whimpers, and Billy pauses slightly, as if to ask what's wrong. But that's the only opening that Steve needs. He launches himself up, and twists his body so that Billy is now laying on his back on the bed, with Steve straddled above him. Billy's sapphire eyes widen in delighted surprise and his shark smile is back on his lips. His hands settle on Steve's bare hips and he stares at Steve with hooded eyes.

"You gonna take control now, baby? Fucking show me what you've got. God you look like a fucking angel on top of me," Billy murmurs, and Steve preens at the attention. He hears Billy huff a fond chuckle, but he quickly recovers his determination to get fucked.

One of his hands drifts down and wraps around Billy's cock. He realizes that while he is certainly a bit longer than Billy, Billy's dick

is thicker by a long shot. It makes his mouth water.

“You’re *mine*,” Steve bares his teeth at Billy, leaning over the other boy with his hand wrapped securely around his cock. His fingers over his own name scrawled on the flesh. As he leans closer, Billy smirks in that deadly way that used to scare him, but now makes his blood boil. One of Billy’s hands raises up and wraps around the front of Steve’s neck firmly. Steve freezes in place at the firm hold and his eyes flutter.

“That’s it baby. You can act all tough, but you know who’s in charge here... I’m fucking yours, and you’re fucking *mine*,” Billy says, his voice deep and menacing, except Steve doesn’t feel threatened. He feels cherished, even with his blood boiling in his veins with the sheer sexual magnetism Billy holds. He nods as much as he can with Billy’s grip on his neck and he shudders through the pleasure that washes down his spine. Without moving, he starts to stroke his hand along Billy’s cock. His fingertips slide against the hot silky skin and he hears the soft groan that Billy lets out.

Steve opens his eyes again and he see that Billy’s own eyes are closed. An expression of pure pleasure stolen over his beautiful features. Gaining a bit more courage, Steve strips his hand a bit faster around the impressively thick cock.

“That’s it baby, just a bit tighter,” Billy says breathlessly. Steve can hardly believe how soft the skin was. For a moment, Steve revels in the fact that Billy is giving himself to him so fully. When not only a few hours ago he had been a hopeless disaster and had never imagined this would ever happen in his life.

Billy’s hand doesn’t move from Steve’s throat as he jerks him off, but Steve glances down and sees that Billy is dripping precum from his slit. Steve’s own cock is hard and dribbling precum, but the sight of it on Billy makes Steve drool a bit. He presses his thumb into the head of Billy’s cock and spreads the slick fluid around the soft head of Billy’s cock. He’s rewarded with a sharp thrust and a groan from Billy’s lips.

Steve nearly beams with triumph as he continues his movements for a few more short moments before Billy finally reaches down and stills

him. Steve frowns as Billy pushes his hands away from his cock, and his bright blue eyes open. Billy's chest is heaving as he looks up at Steve as though he might be some kind of apparition.

"I'm going to cum if you keep doing that... And I want to be inside you when I do," Billy says with a growl. Steve is helpless to do anything but nod frantically at the words.

"Please. Inside me, please," Steve begs once again. Billy reaches up and grasps Steve's face between his hands, and brings him closer.

"Promise me that you'll tell me if it's too much. I'll never hurt you, Steve," Billy says, and Steve realizes that Billy's voice has taken on a serious tone. That same jagged sound of *almost* anger mingled with tight control that masked Billy's true fears. He focuses his eyes on Billy's and he smiles gently at the guarded look in them, before leaning down to press a gentle kiss onto Billy's lips.

"I want you, Billy. My soul has waited for you for so long. I want to share this with you," Steve says softly, and he watches Billy search his face. He keeps himself open, baring his soul for the boy beneath him. The boy that has his name on his heart. His soulmate.

Finally Billy nods and Steve raises himself back up, balancing himself on his knees above Billy's cock. One hand reaching down and grasping the thick column of flesh, holding it steady as he presses backwards. He can feel the swollen, fat head of Billy's cock pressing against the loosened rim of his entrance and he can't help but moan at the feeling.

"Steve?" Billy's voice breaks through the swelling wave of overwhelming pleasure as his cock pops into the ring of muscle. Steve's breath hitches as he looks down at his beautiful California boy.

"Yes?" he breathes back. And for a second the air is completely still between them. Steve feels Billy's cock sinking deeper into his body, parting the flesh and carving out a space for himself. A space that was meant to fit him, and a place that Steve knows no one in this world could ever fill the same way.

Billy's eyes are blue like the ocean, and soft like starlight, and their breath comes in great gusts between them. And his words are quiet like the thrumming of his pulse, but Steve hears every sound.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you...

And Steve was moving. Raising himself up until Billy's cock nearly popped out of him, before lowering back down and taking everything Billy had to offer. His head drops back and the moans roll out of him until he is incoherent. He distantly feels Billy's hands come to rest on his hips and Billy's knees bending so his feet are planted as he begins to thrust upward.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you...

This time Steve is sure that Billy can read his mind. How else would those words echo around his skull in not just his own voice, but Billy's as well?

The pleasure is unmatched, and Steve can't tell if he's doing any of the work. The only thing that matters is how fucking *full* Steve felt. Billy's cock inside of him, and his words of devotion in his ears. The feeling of warmth and completeness in his heart.

Steve starts to become overwhelmed and his chest aches as though his heart is attempting to leap out of his chest. He supposes that made sense because Billy *was* his heart.

In one smooth movement, Billy grabs Steve's waist and flips them over. Steve's back hits the mattress without Billy's cock leaving him, like some kind of x-rated magic trick, and he's granted a single moment of reprieve. Billy leans down to kiss him tenderly and brush the sweaty hair out of Steve's eyes before he leans up on his knees, grabs Steve's thighs and spreads them wide. Steve shivers at being so

exposed, but he also preens at the animal look in Billy's eyes as he stares down at Steve. Billy begins to pound into Steve as if it's the last thing he'll get to do before he dies.

Steve's hands reach up and brush against the beautiful musculature of Billy's chest and abdomen feeling thoroughly hollowed out as Billy's thrusts grew deeper. His cock dragging against his inner walls, until suddenly he's brushing against that spot that makes Steve see stars. He cries out and clenches around Billy's cock.

"Fuck yeah, baby. That's it. You're taking my cock so fucking well, gorgeous. So good for me. So tight. Your little hole is so perfect. I'll take care of you, I've got you," Billy says in his gravelly tone. Steve moans sweetly and glances down where Billy's cock is disappearing inside of him. With each thrust he can see the flash of black pressing in and out of him.

The thought of *his name* on Billy's cock. Pressing inside of him. Claiming him. *Finally* making Steve *his*, is enough to send Steve rocketing towards the edge. Steve sobs out his pleasure and clutches desperately at Billy, his cock spurting precum onto his stomach. Only furthering the thought that Billy could read his mind, the other boy hummed in a pleased way and slowed his thrusts down, staring at where his cock disappeared in Steve's red, puffy hole.

"You like how this looks, baby? Your name on my cock, filling up your hole? I was fucking *meant* for you, pretty boy. Made just for this sweet little fuck hole," Billy grunts, and Steve sobs out his pleasure, crying out Billy's name at his possessive, derogatory words.

Moaning lowly, Billy's hips begin to snap faster and Steve loses any ability to breath. The feeling of completeness filling his heart and soul. He feels cherished and treasured and fucking *loved* beyond anything he's ever felt before. He can barely understand what Billy is saying aside from the fact that he is saying it in a way that's so heart achingly *tender*.

"Come on, gorgeous. You're fucking close. I can feel how tight you're squeezing my cock. Fucking sucking me in. I could fucking die happily between your thighs, baby. You're mine, forever. I've *always* been yours. You're gonna come for me, come on," Billy says the

words with such conviction that Steve can't help but moan and nod in agreement. He's lost to the sensation and he realizes that he's lost to everything that is *Billy*.

Billy angles his hips perfectly so that the head of his cock brushes against that incredible spot inside of Steve. He yelps and moans and sees fucking *stars*. He reaches up blindly and clutches at Billy's shoulders. His eyes opening and meeting with those gorgeous ocean eyes, so dark with lust that Steve thinks it's the only darkness he *isn't* afraid of.

"Come for me, Steve," Billy's voice is rough and commanding, and so achingly vulnerable that Steve can hear only one thing.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you...

And suddenly, Steve's body is swept up in flames.

Billy's name leaves his throat in a scream and he clenches down around him, milking his cock as he cums hard enough that he stops breathing. Stops thinking. Stops *being*. He merely *is*. He exists solely in Billy's arms, and that's the only place he wants to be, as far as he's concerned.

He feels Billy's hips stutter in their pace as they thrust into him, and he feels Billy cum inside of him only a few seconds after he does. His thrusts becomes lazy in the fluttering channel of Steve's body, and he's chanting Steve's name like a prayer.

Steve feels him shudder and nearly collapse over Steve's body, before he's caught on his forearms, hovering shakily above Steve.

Their bodies are slicked with sweat and Steve opens his eyes to watch Billy. Both of them heaving for breath and coming down from their highs. Steve feels a bit light headed, as if he's an untethered buoy, floating through the water in his brain. Warmth still surrounds him and he's entirely relaxed while his hole still flutters around the softening cock of the boy above him. Billy's own face nestles into

Steve's neck as his breath evens out, and only after a long few minutes does he finally pull back to look at Steve.

At the same time his soft cock slips out of Steve's hole and Steve gasps at the empty sensation. He's mortified to realize that he missed the feeling of Billy being inside of him already. He resists the urge to press his hips down further in an attempt to get Billy back inside of him. Instead he shivers and sighs, relaxing fully into the soiled sheets of the bed.

His eyes slip closed and he breathes, evenly trying to ignore the way it felt as though a place inside him is hollow once again.

"Steve, baby. Look at me," Billy's voice is so soft, and Steve's eyes flicker open. He finds Billy's azure gaze on him and he can't help the smile that crosses his lips.

"Hey," Steve says dumbly. He knows that he must look like an idiot, but the buzz of pleasure that winds through his limbs makes him entirely unable to care.

The only thing he cares about right now is Billy.

Billy who's so beautiful.

Billy who's so lovely.

Billy who's his *soulmate*.

"I love you," Steve murmurs.

Billy is silent for a long moment. He lays on his side next to Steve, naked and so *fucking* handsome that Steve wants to crawl on top of him and start everything over again. And then Billy smiles back at him, and brushes Steve's sweaty, matted hair off of his forehead. And he leans in to kiss him *so fucking tender*.

When he pulls back Steve looks at him with bright, but tired eyes.

"I love you too, pretty boy," Billy whispers between them.

As if it's a secret...

As if Steve didn't know...

"Forever?" Steve asks quietly, just because he can.

And the tiny smile that Billy gives him says more than any words could, but he still replies.

"Forever."

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings:

Explicit Sexual Content

9. Part Nine

Notes for the Chapter:

Well, well, well.

Guess who finally found their muse and the will to finish this story?

raises hand

The past year has been difficult for everyone and I had a massive lack of inspiration no matter how many times I tried to sit down and post something for this story. I truly love writing this piece, and I am so glad to be back.

I'm not going to promise a posting schedule, but as of right now I have the next chapter already started, so hopefully I won't fall of the bandwagon again and I'll be able to finish this beloved little soulmate tale.

Some of you might have also noticed that I changed the story length from finishing at chapter 10 to being unknown. As of right now I know for sure that I won't be done writing this story at chapter 10, though it might not be much more, but I wanted to be on the side of caution.

So, for whoever has stuck with me since the beginning: Thank you! And for all of you who are new to this story: Welcome!

Disclaimer: I do not own Stranger Things or any of its characters, I'm just planting my own flowers in their garden. Also, I do not have a beta, so any and all mistakes in this work are my own. And as always, there are more detailed warnings in the End Notes for this chapter.

Without further ado, here's the next installment of this story. Thank you so much for reading, and enjoy!

-Pseudonyme

Part Nine

Addicted to Love - Robert Palmer

Time After Time - Cindy Lauper

Steve can't remember the last time he dreamt of something other than danger and death.

As he begins rising back towards consciousness, he finds himself able to recall all of the details of the incredibly perfect dream he had that night.

Soft fingertips against his skin, and blazing heat carving out a space inside of him. Whispered words promising everything he had ever hoped to have, but never dared to imagine he'd be given. *His name*, written on Billy. So fucking impossible.

With a sigh he stretches his body, feeling the scratchy linen against his naked body as he rolls onto his back. He wants to burrow back under his blankets and keep dreaming. He wants to remain in this blissful space for the rest of his life.

He's about to open his eyes and shatter his perfect illusion, when something soft and a little wet brushes against the patch of skin over his heart. Steve gasps, his eyes flying open and his hands reaching upward, lightning quick, before they come into contact with soft hair, and smooth hot skin.

Steve's eyes are still blurry with sleep, and shock ricochets through his body, but the golden view of Billy Hargrove bent over him is unmistakable. Billy doesn't move, even though he knows now that Steve is awake and staring at him. The blonde boy is kissing his own name written over Steve's heart with wet, openmouthed kisses. Steve's brain nearly explodes at the flash of pink tongue that glides against his nipple for a brief moment, before Billy busies himself with kissing once again.

“ *Billy,* ” Steve breathes out. If he wasn’t so stunned that Billy was actually there with him, he would have cared a lot more for the fact that he sounded like a swooning damsel.

Billy stops his ministrations for a moment and glances up towards Steve, his blue eyes flickering rapidly between blatant adoration and deep, unsatisfied hunger. A flash of heat goes up Steve’s spine as his heart begins to gallop in his chest.

“Morning, princess,” Billy says with a smirk. It is nothing like those mean smirks Steve used to get. It’s full of dirty promise and an underlying softness that makes Steve want to kiss him until he can’t breathe.

So he does.

He drags Billy up his body, naked bodies sliding against one another, until Billy looms above him. All broad shoulders and golden glow. He slots his lips against the California boy’s and a shaky whimper leaves his throat before he can stop it. It’s answered by a deep hum from Billy, and he feels the other boy’s hands come up to frame his face. One of them so sweetly cradling Steve’s jaw and tilting his head so that Billy can have better access to his mouth.

He can taste Billy’s morning breath as he slides his tongue against Steve’s, but he doesn’t care. If anything his heart stutters at the reminder that he spent the night with Billy. That he *woke up beside* Billy.

After a moment, Billy pulls away and Steve’s eyes flick open to see Billy grinning down at him.

“I’m never gonna get used to that,” Billy mutters around his smile. Steve’s heart feels like it might burst straight out of his chest at the sight of such pure happiness on Billy. Something that he didn’t realize could exist before last night, let alone imagine that he might be the cause of it.

“I thought it was a dream,” Steve blurts out, and feels his cheeks flush dark with embarrassment. Billy laughs, but it isn’t malicious. It’s quiet and sweet, and Steve wants to lap up the sound like a dog.

Billy leans down and kisses at Steve's burning cheek, then across the bridge of his nose to the other before placing a quick kiss to his lips.

"Not a dream," Billy assures quietly while his fingers brush through Steve's sleep mussed hair.

Steve hums at the feeling and closes his eyes in pleasure. He takes a moment to bask in the feeling of comfort and awe that last night wasn't a dream. He can smell Billy's cologne under the thick, musky scent of sex that still lingers in his room. Another blush races to his cheeks at the memory of the pure filth that poured out of Billy's mouth so easily while they had fucked. Steve wasn't exactly a stranger to talking dirty, but it had always been different when he'd been the one talking to a girl.

Girls liked sweet nothings and mushy, romantic bullshit whispered to them while they got fucked. They liked to feel like it all meant something. As if that made it easier to look at themselves in the mirror after it was all over. But Billy hadn't done any of that. Of course, Steve had felt the absolute adoration that had come from the other boy, and there was no disputing the fact that Billy had been so much more gentle than he'd ever been before.

But the words that had come from his mouth were something else.

"What're you thinking about that's got you blushing like some kind of fucking virgin, pretty boy?" Billy asks, laughter thick in his tone.

Steve's eyes open again and he tries to smirk cockily up at the other boy. Though, by the way Billy just seems more amused, it doesn't seem to have worked.

"Thinking about your dirty fucking mouth last night. Jesus fucking Christ, how did you even come up with half of that stuff, anyway?" Steve says and Billy's smile sharpens with aroused interest.

"Let's just say that I had some damn good inspiration," Billy grins like the cheshire cat and leans down to nip at Steve's lips teasingly. Steve tries valiantly to look unaffected as he rolls his eyes, but the way his heart trips in his chest is a dead giveaway... Not to mention the way his dick twitches almost violently where it's pressed up tight against

Billy's.

His hands reach for the golden boy and his head is filled with thoughts of what other dirty fantasies Billy could help him play out. Their lips slide together more meaningfully, and just as Billy's tongue dips into Steve's mouth, the shrill blare of his alarm clock goes off on the bedside table.

They startle apart and Steve's heart races in his chest at the abrupt sound. He can feel the slimy tendrils of panic creeping into the edges of his mind, despite the fact that Billy hovers above him, safe and warm and a literal wall between Steve and the rest of the world.

He watches as Billy leans over with a huff and slams his hand down on the electric clock, stopping the annoying alarm. When he comes back to lean over Steve his eyes are far too attentive as they track across his face.

Steve isn't a stranger to attention. He'd gotten plenty of it in high school and had thrived off of it like a plant soaking up some springtime sunshine. Without any parents around to truly notice anything about him, Steve had always enjoyed being the center of attention.

But this was different.

Everything was different with Billy.

His attention was all consuming. He felt like a bug under a microscope. As if Billy was studying every nook and cranny of his soul. Every shadowy corner felt exposed, like the raw end of a nerve, and although he inherently knew that his soul was designed for Billy to know, he still felt scared.

"What are you looking at?" Steve asks, squirming slightly underneath Billy's broad body. He can still feel the heat where their skin is pressed together. It scorches through him, and Steve feels as though it has burned away any memory of the sickening cold of underground tunnels.

Billy seems to notice his growing unease and he smiles lackadaisical.

A soft grin that seems nonchalant on the surface, but Steve can still see the sharp edge of observation in Billy's ocean eyes.

"Can't a guy just stare at something pretty for a little while?" Billy asks back. Steve knows that isn't what Billy truly wants to ask.

He shrugs beneath the golden California King and Billy sighs.

"Alright, you caught me. I won't push it, but we're going to have to talk about what scared you so shitless last night," Billy says, his eyes hard and his voice leaving no room for an argument. And the strange thing is, that Steve doesn't want to argue.

A bubble of trepidation mixed with relief begins to build in his chest.

The secrets he's kept for months and months, and all of the terror he's shared with children little more than half his age rise to the surface at the mere thought of being shared. Somewhere inside of him he wants nothing more than to tell Billy every little detail. He wants to show him the bat with nails sticking out of it that still sits wrapped in a garbage bag in the back of his car. He wants to tell him about the horrors he sees in the shadows and behind his eyes when he sleeps. He wants to tell him what a monster really sounds like, and the way that Steve can still hear it when a room gets too quiet. He wants to tell him that he truly does miss eating food, but everything feels like dirt in his mouth and he thinks he might choke on it if he swallows too much.

He wants to tell him everything.

And yet, the fear of telling Billy all of these things and having him not believe him weighs heavy in his mind. He can't lose Billy so soon after he's finally gotten him.

The saddest part is that he doesn't think he'd even argue if Billy tried to leave. He would understand. Nancy had left him. His parents had pretty much left him. He's a screw up and a dumbass, and had more baggage than a fucking airplane.

Billy's warm, calloused hand against his cheek startles Steve out of his spiraling thoughts. His eyes focus back onto the cerulean gaze

that's obviously been watching him the entire time he'd been lost in his thoughts.

"Come back to me, pretty boy," Billy murmurs softly, his gaze darting over Steve's face.

Steve's face feels hot with embarrassment and he nods.

"Not right now, but later, okay?" Billy says.

Steve reaches his arms up and drags Billy down into a kiss. The movement is frantic, but Billy goes with it. His own lips sliding wetly against Steve's and his hands cupping his face so tenderly that Steve feels like he might scream from it.

Steve is brought back into the moment with firm hands and scorching kisses and any thoughts of past trauma flees his mind as his golden California boy holds him so close.

Still he wonders when later will be.

*

It turns out that later comes much sooner than Steve would like it too.

After another round of closely acquainting themselves with the most intimate parts of each other's bodies - *Steve is absolutely sure that he would not be able to walk in a straight line, even if someone held a gun to his head* - Billy and Steve lay side by side and share a joint, watching the smoke curl up towards the ceiling.

"I have the day off today," Billy says slowly.

Steve's brain feels syrupy with the good weed that Billy rolled up for them. He moves his head, feeling as though he's surrounded by molasses before he gazes dopily at Billy, who seemingly looks unaffected. Steve forgets that he's supposed to respond.

Billy turns his head to look at Steve as he takes another drag off of the joint, and behind the spark of mischief in his blue eyes, Steve thinks he might see something more vulnerable underneath. Billy has

seven freckles across his nose. He wonders if he could count the number of hairs in his eyebrows.

“Jesus, you’re fucking baked, princess,” Billy snickers and Steve startles. His eyes focused on Billy again.

“Am not,” Steve counters eloquently.

Billy snorts a laugh and takes another drag before reaching over and putting out the stub of the joint on the wood of the bedside table. Steve whines in complaint in the back of his throat.

“That’s mahogany!” Steve says waving at the piece of furniture. This only makes Billy laugh harder as he sits up and leans against the headboard. The sheets are draped around his hips and the muscles of his torso are flexed slightly, though it’s not the regular show he puts on. His blue eyes are soft as he looks down at Steve where he lays prone beside him.

Steve thinks if he was a painter in the renaissance, Billy would be the perfect muse.

“I was thinking,” Billy starts, and Steve sees that flash of vulnerability again. Something in his weed addled brain tells him to pay more attention. He pushes himself up and sits facing Billy, giving his soulmate his full attention.

“Yeah?” Steve asks dumbly, waiting for Billy to go on.

“I have the day off,” Billy says slowly again. Steve has a moment of *deja vu*.

“Didn’t you already say that?” he asks, frowning in confusion.

Billy huffs another laugh and reaches out to push his fingers through Steve’s mess of crazy sex hair.

“I might as well call you Sherlock Holmes, baby,” Billy says and Steve rolls his eyes, but he can still see the edge of wariness in Billy’s face.

“Do you want to go do something together today?” Steve asks. The words tumbling from his mouth with an ease that only smoking good

weed could have provided him. Billy's eyes widen slightly as he stares at Steve, and he immediately tries to backtrack.

"We don't have to," he nearly shouts, so afraid that Billy might turn back into the boy he knew from highschool. The angry, venomous boy who Steve was so sure would kill him if he ever found out about his name over Steve's heart.

"I just mean that I know you don't really like doing that... And I know you don't want to be seen around me, with me. I just don't want to upset you, oh fuck. I sound like such a fucking girl. I'm fucking it all up," Steve's words rush out of him and he covers his face with his hands.

He's so sure that Billy is about to leave the room. Throw on his clothes and go back to pretending like Steve doesn't exist. The weed he smoked is starting to make the paranoia creep through him. He doesn't expect the soft grip on Steve's wrists as Billy's hands pull his own away from his face. He peeks up at Billy's face again and instead of blistering anger he sees a mask of determination.

"We can't do anything in Hawkins. We'll have to drive far enough away where no one will run into us, okay?" Billy says quietly.

"Why?" Steve asks dumbly. Billy doesn't seem to get angry at him for the stupid question.

"You always think people will see the best in everyone," Billy simply says, his voice soft with a tinge of awe as his thumb rubs against the soft skin on the inside of Steve's wrists.

It's not like Steve doesn't know how people look at gay couples. Even if they're marked as soulmates. There's certainly a bit more tolerance for them now than there was when Steve's parents were growing up, or even in the last five years, but that doesn't mean that everyone will approve. Still, Steve wonders why they couldn't just act as friends in Hawkins. It wasn't like they lived together or anything overtly scandalous that would alert anyone that they were in a relationship.

Especially since everyone assumed that they hated each other's guts

still.

“So anywhere outside of Hawkins?” Steve asks.

“Yes,” Billy agrees.

“I know just the place,” Steve grins and Billy shakes his head with a fond smile.

“Of course you do,” Billy says and that, it seems, is the end of that.

*

They take Billy’s Camaro.

Steve offers to drive them since he knows where they’re going, but Billy only snorts and shakes his head, shifting a pair of sunglasses onto his head and looking immaculate for someone who fucked the soul out of Steve not once but *twice* in the last six hours. Not a hair out of place.

“You need to know what driving in a *real* car is like,” Billy mutters and gets into the drivers side. Steve just rolls his eyes and slips into the passenger seat, the leather already burning hot from the sun, even though it’s barely eleven o’clock in the morning.

His shorts ride high on his pale thighs as he sits and he twitches when Billy looks pointedly at them over the tops of his shades. His tongue sticks out between his teeth and Steve feels like a piece of meat being dangled in front of a lion.

A very sexy lion, but a predator nonetheless.

“You’re fucking indecent,” Billy says finally, reaching over and running his hand along the tender skin on the inside of Steve’s left thigh, quick and confident. Steve chokes on air as he glares at Billy, trying to find true offense to the way that Billy just touched him like he *owned* him, but he couldn’t deny the way his dick twitched in his shorts. Billy sees it as well and his laugh is drowned out as he turns the key in the ignition and the camaro roars to life beneath them.

Billy follows Steve’s directions easily, following the curves of

Hawkins' back roads easily, with one hand on the wheel and one hand on the gear shift. Steve feels hypnotized, watching the large hand manipulate the gear shift with ease and the confident way that Billy leans back in his seat. He looks every inch the King sitting on his throne, and Steve's dick seems to agree with him.

Once they're outside of the Hawkins' county lines, Billy seems to relax even further. As they continue to drive Billy's hand will drift to Steve's exposed thigh when he doesn't need to shift. His fingers trail against the soft pale skin, teasingly drifting towards his inner thighs as Steve's silently shifts his legs apart a bit.

He wonders when he apparently turned into such a fucking whore for Billy Hargrove, but he knows that it was probably the moment he fucking laid eyes on him. He feels regret for every calling any girl a slut, because *oh, how the tables have turned.*

As soon as Steve is biting his lip and nearly panting with the gentle treatment, Billy will pull away to shift gears and the entire game restarts again.

Steve nearly forgets to tell Billy where to go twice, and he receives a sharp little pinch on the tender skin of his inner thigh for it. It doesn't hurt, but it does make his body light up like a live wire. And all the while, Billy merely gazes out at the passing road, seemingly unaffected, and barely noticing how Steve is growing more and more strung out.

Steve wonders how he's ever been happy with anyone else? How could he have ever thought that he knew pleasure before Billy? It was ridiculous.

After an hour of driving, Steve directs Billy into a long, mostly disused logging road.

"If my tires get stuck in any mud, I'm making you get out and push, pretty boy," Billy threatens, but the words don't hold any heat. And in any case, Steve can only whine in response as Billy's hand slips between Steve's legs and grips his thigh firmly. Without another word, he pulls Steve's leg over, opening up the space between his thighs and Steve can't deny that his dick is harder than a steel beam

at this point, but he isn't sure how to articulate what he wants from Billy.

Billy, who still seems so focused on the dirt road stretching out before them, and not on how he's got a stronghold on Steve's thigh and is wantonly spreading them open. Steve feels like he might combust. Sweat slides down his neck and his eyes flutter as Billy's fingers tighten on the tender skin. He wonders if there will be fingerprints left there. He hopes there will be.

When they finally emerge from the cover of trees and pull into the abandoned quarry, Steve is sure he's going to die. A plea is on the tip of his tongue and he opens his mouth to beg Billy for something, *anything*, when Billy throws the car into park and is suddenly on him. Desperate in his movements as though Steve was the one teasing *him* the entire car ride.

He groans as Billy lays hot kisses on Steve's neck and crowds into his space over the center console. His hot hand roughly slides up Steve's thigh and palms at the rigid length of his dick under his shorts. Steve keens loudly at the feeling and Billy's groan reverberates against his skin.

They don't manage to get out of the car for another half hour.

~*~

Steve had thought that the shared orgasm in the car, after simultaneously jerking each other off and panting into each other's mouths would have loosened Billy up, but apparently he's wrong about that.

"No one ever comes here, Billy. I promise it's safe," Steve says softly, stripping out of his t-shirt and shucking off his shorts.

Billy stands a few feet away, watching Steve from behind his shades and leaning against the hood of his car. Watching closely as Steve undresses before his very eyes.

"Never say never, pretty boy," Billy says stubbornly. Steve rolls his eyes.

“So what, you’re going to stand there and be moody all afternoon?” Steve asks, raising an eyebrow. Billy merely stands there, unmoving, but clearly focused on Steve. When he still doesn’t speak, Steve huffs a breath and turns his back to Billy, moving towards the placid, cool looking water.

The sun is high in the sky by now, and after the heat they had shared between them in the car, Steve needs to cool off.

“Fine, suit yourself. Stand there and be all sweaty, and see if I care,” Steve throws the words over his shoulder as he steps into the water. The rocks beneath his feet are slippery and he hopes he doesn’t fall on his ass and thoroughly embarrass himself, “I’ll just be here, enjoying the nice cold water, all by myself.”

“You’re so fucking dramatic,” Billy calls from behind him. Steve can hear the hidden grin in his voice, but doesn’t react to it.

“Yeah, yeah. That’s me,” Steve says and moves further into the water, letting it lap against his calves, “If I’d known you were going to be a buzzkill, I would have suggested something different.”

“Maybe I just don’t like swimming?” Billy says. Steve throws him a glare over his shoulder, the California boy still leaning nonchalantly against the hood of his car. He had to be sweltering in the jeans he was wearing, leaning so close to the dark paint.

“I might be dumb, but I’m not that stupid,” Steve replies, turning back around and moving further into the water.

There’s silence for a moment behind Steve as he moves deeper, letting the water lap at his waist now. And then there’s a shuffle of movement. Steve hears Billy’s boots crunch against the gravel on the shore and the rustle of fabric, and the muttering of annoyed words too low for Steve to hear. Still, he can’t suppress the triumphant grin that settles onto his face.

He doesn’t turn to watch as Billy undresses, but he does hear the small splash of Billy entering the water, walking confidently until he’s beside Steve, waist deep in the water. Steve turns to look at him, his grin still etched on his face. He expects Billy to be smiling too, but

instead he's frowning slightly.

For a moment Steve feels wrong footed and confused, and his smile falters.

"What's wrong?" he asks quietly, thinking for sure that he's somehow fucked this up without even knowing what he did.

Billy simply stares at him for a moment before he moves closer to Steve and pulls him a little deeper into the water. For a brief moment Steve panics, thoughts of the incident at the pool - which felt like an entirely different lifetime ago - flicker through his mind, but Billy moves his hands to grip Steve's waist securely and holds onto him.

Steve relaxes slightly and let's Billy pull him up against his chest, the cool water lapping between them as Steve looks at Billy's serious expression.

"You're not dumb, I fucking hate that you say that shit," Billy says sternly. Steve feels surprise flash through him and a laugh is startled from him. It dies quickly when he realizes that Billy isn't joking. He clears his throat and looks down Billy's chest, pressed so closely to his own.

He doesn't know what to say to that.

"Don't say that shit anymore, alright?" Billy asks, and Steve knows that he's dead serious. He glances up again at his face and frowns. It's not as if it's a secret that Steve wasn't the smartest kid in school. He'd struggled with his grades since he was a kid, and barely got by in every subject. Sometimes he was even sure that he'd only passed a class because his father had somehow bribed his teachers. Which absolutely had to be some kind of issue in ethics, but Steve had gotten through.

"I didn't mean- I'm not exactly-" Steve stumbles over his words, trying to tell Billy that *it's okay. It's just a joke.*

But he also knows that the joke stopped being funny for him years ago, when his dad had told him he was an idiot. Or when his mom had wondered what job he'd get at all with such terrible grades. Or

when he'd laugh off his horrible test results with Tommy and told him that it didn't matter.

Billy's arms circle around Steve's waist and he pulls him in tightly.

"You're not stupid, pretty boy," Billy says.

Steve rests his head against Billy's shoulder as they simply stand together in the cool water.

Neither of them acknowledge the wetness on Billy's skin that drips from the corners of Steve's eyes.

*

The next few hours fly by in the blink of an eye.

They alternate between swimming in the water and sunning themselves on the slabs of rock in the quarry. Billy is stark naked as he suns himself like a lizard in the hot sun while Steve's boxers cling wetly to his thighs. They roll another joint and share lazy, sweet kisses between them, as if they have all of the time in the world. Steve even manages to get his mouth on Billy's dick.

Kneeling on the gravel that digs into his knees and scrapes his skin as he gazes up at Billy, who looks like some kind of fucking *God*. All naked, and golden and glorious in the sun, with his hands tangled in Steve's hair as he lays sucking kisses against the underside of Billy's thick shaft.

His hands brace on Billy's thickly muscled thighs and when he finally takes Billy into his mouth - *oh so cautious, because he's never sucked a dick before in his life, and he's a little fucking intimidated, alright* - Billy groans and says his name like it's a fucking benediction. He tugs on Steve's hair and moves his head up and down his shaft, but never forcing him deeper than what he can comfortably take. Which is not much considering how thick Billy is.

His jaw aches from holding it open so wide, and tears drip from his eyes as he breathes harshly through his nose, but he revels in the way that Billy looks so fucking strung out above him. He thinks, deep in his mind that he can feel the outline of his name on the skin of Billy's

cock as he moves over it again and again.

He moans as Billy fucks his face, and when Billy comes, he swallows as much as possible.

Billy pulls out and damn near falls to his knees in front of Steve and licks the stray drop of cum from where it's dribbled down Steve's chin and mixed with his saliva. He uses his grip on Steve's chin to keep his mouth open and licks his way into Steve's mouth so fucking easily. Like he *owns* him.

It should be disgusting, but it only makes Steve hotter.

When Billy finally wraps a hand around Steve's dick inside his boxer shorts he goes off like a virgin and shudders through his orgasm, whimpering into Billy's mouth as he murmurs sweet, filthy words.

And when he's done, Billy moves them back into the water and sits in the shallow end of the quarry pool, letting Steve sit in his lap and come down from both the high of the weed and the high of his orgasm. He sits across Billy's legs with his head leaning against his broad shoulder, and his fingers tracing against the strong line of Billy's collarbone.

With the sun on his shoulder and the bright presence of Billy underneath him, and the cool water lapping against him, he feels as close to perfection as he's ever fucking been.

Of course, perfection doesn't seem to last very long for Steve Harrington.

~*~

The drive back to Hawkins is quiet.

Billy lets Steve choose the radio station, and only has a few token quips about "True Music" and "Mainstream Bullshit", but otherwise says nothing about Steve's taste.

The sun begins to dip lower on the horizon and Billy laces their fingers together when he doesn't have to shift gears, letting the warm evening air whip through the cabin with all of the windows down.

Steve lets his head fall back against the headrest and his eyes slip closed. He feels warm and content.

He's not sure he can recall any other time in his life where he felt the way he did now.

Of course, as soon as they drive back into Hawkins County, Billy untangles their hands, and Steve is brought back down to Earth with a crash.

He had known that they would have to do it, but it still made something sting under his skin. He shifted in his seat and looked out the window, trying to ignore the steadily growing feeling of emptiness inside of him without Billy's hands on his skin.

"Don't be like that, pretty boy. Please," Billy murmurs softly, but sternly and Steve looks back at Billy. His knuckles are white where they grip the steering wheel and a moue of unhappiness has settled over his face. Steve realizes that Billy is just as upset at the distance, and although he's still unhappy about it, it settles something anxious inside of him.

"It's okay, Billy. We'll figure it out," Steve says simply. He isn't sure how they'll manage to do it, but he knows that he will not give this up without a fight.

Hawkins might have taken a bit of his sanity away, but Steve wouldn't let it take Billy.

Billy was *his*.

Billy nodded tightly at Steve's words and they drove in silence the rest of the way to Steve's house.

When they pulled into the driveway, Steve's heart dropped when he saw a familiar figure sitting on his front steps. Even from a distance the shock of red hair was a dead giveaway.

"Max?" Billy asks, his voice confused and tight as he threw the car into park and nearly jumped out of the car. Steve could only fumble with his seatbelt and follow after him as Billy moved so quickly that he didn't even shut his car door.

As Steve got closer, his breath caught in his throat at what he saw.

A violent bruise was blooming against the pale skin of Max's cheek. Her eyes were red and puffy from crying, but she held a stern look on her face. It was so similar to the look that Billy got when he was scared that it made something sharp ache in Steve's chest.

"Max? What happened?" Steve breathed, glancing over at Billy. The blonde boy was nearly shaking in anger, his face a violent thunderstorm of emotions. It was a look that would have scared Steve before, especially if it had been directed at him. But now he knows better.

He knows who Billy is.

"I'll fucking kill him," Billy says so quietly that Steve wonders if he has imagined it.

He looks from Billy to Max as she stands and crosses her arms tightly over her chest.

"What the *fuck* happened, Maxine?" Billy asks. Steve nearly flinches at the pure violence in Billy's voice.

"Neil came home last night really late... Mom was up all night crying about it. And when he came in, he saw her and me.... And I don't even know, he just... it happened really fast," Max says between her teeth. Steve sees the way tears are beginning to well up in her eyes again.

Billy steps forward and gently cups Max's cheeks, moving her head gently as if to get a better look at the bruise on her face.

Things begin to fall into place for Steve, but he doesn't dare to ask any questions at the moment. Not when Billy looks like he's about to run off on a murder spree.

"I'm going to fucking kill him," Billy says again, and Max grabs his wrist, her eyes wide with terror.

"There's more," she whispers. Billy glances at Steve with wildfire in his eyes.

Gone is the sweet boy that held Steve this afternoon, and in his place is the dangerous boy with a fight to pick with everyone.

"What else is there?" Billy asks Max, his attention focused back onto her.

"He left with mom... He took her somewhere. I don't even know. After he... You know. He basically knocked her out. He just fucking... Hit her so hard... And then he just left with her. Threw her over his shoulder like a fucking sack and took off out the back door," Max says.

"That fucking asshole," Billy spits angrily.

"He wasn't... Himself though... I know that sounds insane, but when he looked at us, it's like he didn't even know who we were. Like there wasn't anything behind his eyes anymore," Max continues, sniffing slightly and trembling with fear at the memory of whatever happened, "I didn't know where to go. I stayed at the house in case maybe he came back? But he didn't last night, and he didn't this morning. And Mike said there was a party at Steve's house that Nancy was talking about, so I thought you had to be here... So I just waited." She finishes finally.

Billy lets go of Max and Steve can see him beginning to spiral.

Gently he reaches over and lays his hand against Billy's forearm. The blonde boy flinches from the touch, and his wild eyes find Steve's. He feels a bit like he's trying to gentle a wild horse as he uses a soothing voice.

"We have to call the police, okay?" Steve asks, looking into Billy's blue eyes.

Knowing everything he did now, he could see past the anger and rage, straight into the fear that Billy was feeling.

Billy got tough when he got scared. And right now he was fucking terrified.

"We're going to figure this out," Steve says again, not waiting for a response, and glancing at Max. She bites her lips and furiously wipes

away the tears that drip from her eyes, and nods her head.

Steve is dimly aware of Billy's hand latching onto his. Their fingers laced together firmly, palm to palm.

Neither of them says anything about it, but he holds onto Billy just as tightly.

Notes for the Chapter:

Warning:

Trauma

Drug Use

Sexual Content

Child Abuse/Abusive Situations